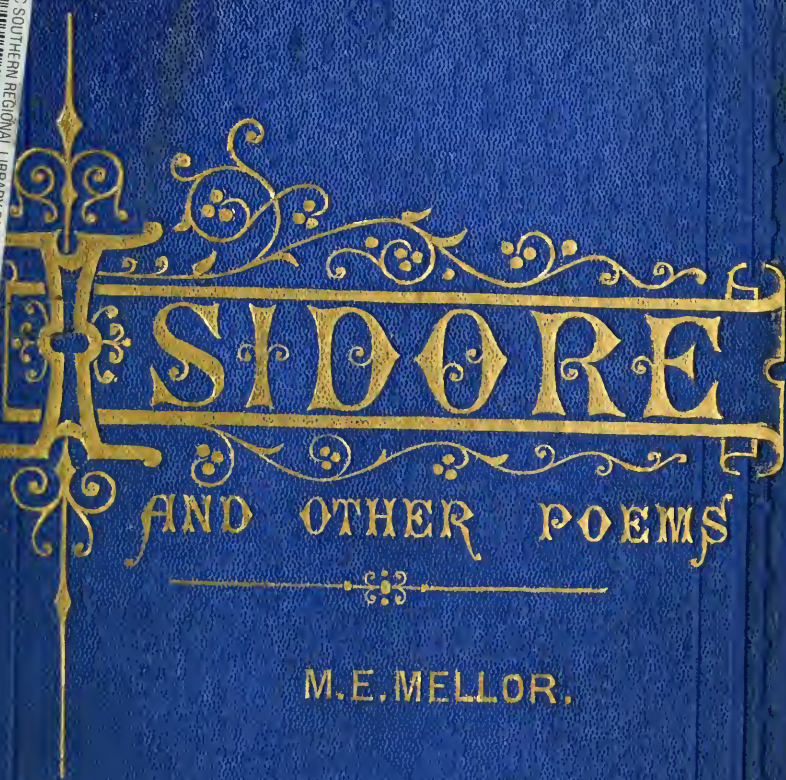


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SIDORE

AND OTHER POEMS

M.E. MELLOR.



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Yours Truly
Mary E. Mellor.

ISIDORE

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY

MARY E. MELLOR.

MANCHESTER:

PUBLISHED BY W. H. SMITH, & SON,

1877.

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DEDICATION.

Said one to whom I had been speaking on the subject, can you not choose some dear Friend, one indeed to whom your highest esteem is given? My heart, which had been beating so tumultuously for a few seconds, suddenly grew calm. Was there not one? Indeed, how I could have overlooked Her for one single moment became a matter of instant wonder to me. Yes, there is one who gave me the very first love I had ever known; and, who yet is the greatest comfort I have upon earth; whose knee is ever ready for my prayer; whose breast hath a loving sympathy for every sorrow,—My Mother, dearest, holiest, best,—

“ Whose soft eyes o’er my childhood watched, with fond untiring care;

“ Whose whispered blessing softly said, was sweet as uttered prayer.”

Whose life has been a beautiful poem of self-sacrifice for her children; on whom a double duty was entailed, demanding therefore in return a twofold tenderness, whose unchanging devotion I can never, never repay; and to whom in gratitude and love, I dedicate the first fruits of my labours, and beg to subscribe myself her ever grateful and affectionate daughter,

THE AUTHORESS.

Water Lane, Wilmslow, Cheshire, December, 1876.

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P R E F A C E .



In publishing the following, the writer feels that it is but justice to herself to say, that, with a few exceptions, and those written chiefly to offer comfort in bereavement, the Poems, of which her unpretending little volume is composed, have not been studiously written with a view to publication, but that they have been slowly accumulating for many years; and she feels that some, especially the earlier ones, need an apology, coming as they did from the hand of a school girl. That these might have been corrected and improved is certain, but somehow, such a tender feeling from the past clung to them, that with a shrinking sensitiveness for which she herself finds it difficult to account, and with which she can scarcely expect many out of her own circle to sympathise, she has refrained from any alteration, trusting to the feeling and generosity of the reader. Each one has a history of its own, often a sad one. One great disadvantage the book will possess, insomuch that the writer has been so singularly placed by surrounding circumstances, that she had not one friend to whom she could apply for advice respecting it, so that it is published entirely without revision of any kind, and with the faults uncorrected; and so great has been her anxiety on this account as to permanently injure her health—the strain upon her mind being almost too great to bear alone. Surely, in passing judgment upon it, this will be kindly considered. It would be hard indeed to think otherwise, and also to be exclusively original in an age like the present, when authors abound in almost every class and on all subjects, would seem impossible; but never intentionally has she used the thoughts of others for her own. The difficulties she has had to surmount have been great: pressing domestic duties which when conscientiously fulfilled, left scarcely one hour to call her own,

PREFACE.

and then her entire ignorance of everything connected with publishing, and the expenses belonging thereto. To quote from Hazlitt, "You are no better off if you succeed than if you fail; you are despised if you do not excel others, hated if you do." A most reassuring alternative, and calculated to excite the loftiest spirit of emulation in the mind of one trying to gather from the bewildering chaos of thoughts which crowded in upon her, one grain of comfort. However, the writer wishes neither to be exalted to a greatness higher than her deserts, nor degraded to an ignoble meanness; and as she has only consented to publication at the entreaties of many who, with the kindest consideration and encouragement, have come forward as subscribers, it is to these she feels that her warmest thanks are due. That others may find something interesting in her little work, and that her friends may not be disappointed, is the earnest wish of their

Obliged and grateful Friend,

THE AUTHORESS.

Not in my thoughts for one presumptuous hour,
To climb the heights, where Fame's bright Sunflowers shine,
Light without fragrance is THEIR splendid dower,
The unassuming Violet be mine,
Whose quiet beauty gladdens lonesome fells,
Whose lustrous eye, of its great Maker tells.
If to one sister heart in sorrowing need,
My voice hath come with soft assuring power;
Caused ONE sad heart less bitterly to bleed,
Whispered of Hope in life's most trying hour,
Caused one life's earnest purpose to fulfil,
Shewed one who loved it not, the daisied sward,
Then lips be silent, throbbing heart be still,
For this alone is rich and sweet reward.
Is it not something to have soothed and cheered,
Arming the weak heart for the strife anew;
When the dark haven of despair was neared,
To point where, far, the cloud rift shewed the blue,
And but to bless me, ONE approving eye,
Or the warm clasping of a friendly hand,
Drawn by the chords of that wide sympathy,

Which counts not creed, or colour, speech, or land ;
 Sees men as brothers in the light of day,
 And needs not words, for each can understand
 What the full heart with silent lips would say.
 And if unto some minds, and these are they,
 Whose pleasant lives, reck not of storm or shower,
 There seemeth gloomy shadowings to stray
 Along the page, where scarce joy's sun had power,
 Then in all gentleness to them so blest,
 Sorrow hath ever unto me been kind,
 Oft in my bosom's shelter she would rest,
 Her footsteps pressing never far behind.
 She loves me so, she cannot leave me long,
 If but we part for a brief, breathing while,
 She groweth in her absence wondrous strong,
 And fainteth not beneath the weary pile
 Of daily burdens grievous hard to bear,
 The rustling of her sable robes I know—
 The lip so grave that never smile may wear,
 The changeless brow, that may no pity show,
 But I HAVE seen her when her jetty hair
 Bore in its braids a gleaming silver star,
 I smiled to see it softly shining there,
 And knew that hope would follow from afar.

* * * * *

Many a bright dream had summers long gone by,
 'Neath Autumn's dead leaves buried mute and low,
 There HAVE been days when clouds forsook the sky,
 And Earth to Heaven reflected back the glow ;
 Sweet dreams of youth, as fleeting and as fair,
 As the bright Iris born of rain and sun,
 As the rich tints the clouds at dawning wear,
 Or gold-kissed waves ere eve to night hath run.
 Take but one flower where fragrant clusters breathe
 In youth's fair chaplet, bearing hues divine,
 Scarce yawns a chasm, in the redundant wreath,
 Or fondly o'er it fresh green tendrils twine,
 But the deep-rooted hope of later years—
 Knit with the heart-strings, ingrained into life,
 Take THIS and desolation's self appears,
 And dearth, and doom, in the waste land are rife.
 I know the great world hath a beating heart,
 And love for those who may its pulses stir,
 But stands it eager for the condemner's part,
 All, all I ask is to be comforted.

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ISIDORE
AND
OTHER POEMS.

ISIDORE.

The sun of early autumn streamed upon a cortège gay ;
The footsteps of a fair young bride passed o'er the flower-strewn way ;

And merrily the joy bells pealed from many a grey church tower,
As through the vale, and up the hill, they told the love-crowned hour.

Two barques upon a sea of life sped with united sail,
And rich the freight of Love and Hope, and dear the oft-told tale ;
A fairer sight was seldom seen—a proud and princely form,
That vowed to shield that sweet young life from every blighting storm ;

To scatter roses in her path ; to thrust the thorns aside ;
To cherish with a deathless love his fond and trusting bride.
Rich were the costly robes that fell around her form so fair,
And gems upon her white brow flashed, and in her raven hair.
'Twas not of these she thought or cared—the gem all price above,
The star of all her sweet hope lay in her young bridegroom's love ;
A tear upon her drooping lash hung trembling in the light :
Than words more richly eloquent, that teardrop warm and bright ;
He saw—and closer then was pressed the little trembling hand,
Within his clasp that fluttering lay, nor fears could long withstand ;

The passionate devoted love which in his clear eye shone,
And bade her spirit's strife be still : her doubt and fear begone ;
Sweet to her heart his sympathy, though silently expressed,
A holy calm hushed all the fears that trembled in her breast,
It seemed as in a deep, deep sea, life's bark at anchor lay,
Where rose no rocks her soul to fright, and storms fled far away ;
From heart to lip a beaming smile arose in answering love,
He blessed her for her gentle trust : how vain that trust might prove.

Alas! that two such kindred hearts, so framed for love and bliss,
Should e'er in cold indifference pine—no pang were worse than
this;

The Winter sped unheeded by, for love was all the theme,
And life a rosy path of bliss, a bright unbroken dream.
And Spring in all its pride returned with blessings for the earth,
With softer airs, and blooming flowers, and warbled songs of
mirth.

But summer's breath brought gloom and doubt—a change, which
scarce defined,

Soon loomed into a larger life, perplexing to her mind;
Awhile in sore amazement lost, she could no cause conceive,
But sternly chid the fears that rose, and bade her heart believe,
He who was wont his heaven to find within her sunny smile.
On idle pretext absence sought with clouded brow the while;
She could not deem his powers were used, his strength put forth
to win

A pure young heart, no guile that knew,—that tale of shame and
sin

Reached not its climax while she stayed: a low-breathed slander
came,

Too proud to stoop its cause to learn, discarding e'en his name.
Her latent pride his falsehood roused, her outraged heart arose;
Far, far from his her path should lie ere the dark day could close;
Oh, she would give him scorn for scorn for every heart-wrung
moan,

A keener pang his breast should feel,—forsaken and alone!
And from her desolated heart in one weak moment rose
A yearning wish, a prayer for rest, that Death might end her woes.
But when did Death, to anguished prayer, his ghastly presence
bring,—

He loves to steal, with step unseen, where buds of promise spring.
To snatch the Mother's fairest pride, wherein her sweet hope
lay,

From clasping hands, and grief-torn hearts, to bear the prize away.

* * * * *

Ah! could it be the self-same Earth her feet ere while had trod,
This dark Cimmerian rayless gloom—the sunlit world of God;
So true it is that Earth must take its colours from the heart,
Where joy her sunny barque has moored—how beauteous every
part.

But through a mist of falling tears, could the green Earth look
fair?

Whose orient Heaven no sun reveals—no rosy tints are there:

No common mind or spirit hers—a self-sustaining power,
A latent soul-felt strength arose to meet the trying hour ;
'Twas mercy's path her young feet trod : 'twas love she round her
spread,

And many a sufferer's trembling lips prayed blessings on her
head.

The Winter wanes : the leafless trees again are bright with bloom,
And the grateful Earth rich incense yields in clouds of sweet
perfume,

And hope once more a robe of light around her soul had thrown,
A mother's holy joy was hers, the sweetest she had known,
But, ah, those eyes which sought her own of deepest, darkest blue,
A banished tenderness recall, a hopeless faith renew.

* * * * *

Too true the tale that slander bore,—his fickle fancy chained
By a beauty which few mortals wear, his passion unrestrained,
Burst all the bonds which honour gave, he thrust all thought
away,

And lived but in his guilty joy, that bloomed but to decay.

Complete in every fatal link, that spirit-galling chain,
That wrenched the beauty from her life, and left but tears and
pain :

Far, far he bore her where no tongue the direful tale could tell,
Till, all too late, like knell of doom, its darkness o'er her fell.

He chose an ivy-mantled church, far in a lovely dell,
Engirt with hills, beyond whose chain the wild waves rose and fell ;
The very air seemed purer round that old and hallowed fane,
Beneath whose shade, in dreamless rest, the weary feel no pain.

The graveyard like a garden bloomed, 'twas kept with fondest
care,

For few within that hamlet small but had some dear one there,
And clustering roses sweetly bloomed, and purest lilies bent,
And many a drooping willow tree its graceful shadow lent.

The grassy mounds were thickly placed where no memorial rose
To tell of worth or beauty fled to seek a long repose,
Greenest where sounding epitaph, nor flattering record told
Of virtues which could ne'er exist in form of earthly mould.

Oh ! would some guardian angel then, ere yet the blow was given,
Had whispered to that trusting one of vows too lightly given ;—

Could no remorseful impulse stay the purpose of his soul;
 Could nothing but destruction dire his fateful will control.

For wreathed and veiled in bridal white, before that altar fair,
 Her sweet and saint-like loveliness had cast a halo there;
 The beauty of her flowing hair, her blue and lustrous eye,
 From which the tears streamed silently, she wept and knew not
 why.

Perchance 'twas prescience of the fate which darkly o'er her hung,
 That saddened e'en her bridal hour, while every raptured tongue
 Breathed blessings on her fair young head, and prayed that future
 hours

Might twine but choicest wreaths for her of Amaranthine flowers :
 Alas for prayers and bootless hopes, the chilling voice of doom
 Had spoken ;—oh, the past lay bright, the future hid in gloom ;

* * * * *

“ Father of mercy,” thus she cried, a new and deadly fear
 Dawning the while upon her heart, a whispered name to hear,
 As watching by his fevered couch the hours crept slowly by ;
 ’Twas not for her those gestures wild ; that low impassioned cry ;
 And there were times her presence pained ; her fond caressing
 care

Failed to disperse the passion cloud his angry brow would wear.
 Oh ! was it secret grief or guilt which then his spirit bore ;
 And she would tremble, doubt, and love more fondly than before.

Oh ! was it sorrow then, her love should charm its power away,
 But was it guilt ; she shuddering knelt, and wept, but could not
 pray.

One fatal eve she vainly sought to win one loving smile ;
 He sat with stern averted face, and guilty thoughts the while ;
 Stung by her tears to frenzy’s verge he flung her far away,
 And harshly told the wretene’d truth, and left her where she lay,
 Like a sweet flower by cold winds touched, the blighting sorrow
 came.

Oh ! not for her were love, or hope, or pure unclouded name.

Fled from that hour the rosy bloom her cheek was wont to wear ;
 A paler than the lily’s hue reigned undisputed there ;
 And circles round the sweet eyes grew, and as the months wore on,
 Upon the marble of her cheek a crimson beauty shon ;
 One burning spot glowed deeply there—oh, not with health away,
 Did her bright beauty pale or wane ; how lovely in decay

She looked; but those who knew her best, who watched her
fluttering breath
Could read with pitying tenderness the near approach of Death.

No murmur left her pallid lips, she spoke no word of blame,
But sadly wept her blighted life, her deep unconscious shame;
And loving hands her pillow smoothed; and gently from her brow
They wiped the gathering dews of death—she smiled upon them
now;—

But such a smile, so faint and sweet, her thoughts seemed far
away;
Her white lips moved when speech had fled, but only moved to
pray;

* * * * *

The watchers round her couch bent low, as the deep solemn boom,
Which ushered in the midnight hour, struck sharply through
the gloom;

So deep the silence which it broke, it seemed an echoing knell:
E'en as they looked the sufferer smiled her spirit's sweet farewell.

She had no earth-bound ties to break, no hope to bid her live;
The rest for which she wildly longed naught but the grave can
give;

And she, who still and marble white, in death's cold shadow lay,
Would her young sinless life have given to chase one cloud away,
To save him but one anguished thought, one deep and heart-
drawn sigh,

Avert one sorrow from his path, who left her there to die.

He woo'd as fickle man will woo when passion's breath is stirred,
Calling on powers of earth and heaven to vouch for every word;
Sun, moon, and stars might pale, and fall from their bright home
on high;

But his devotion ne'er should fail, his love could never die.

And she—her guileless heart received the cup with bated breath,
Unconscious that its sweets would yield a fate far worse than
death.

His love to Autumn's golden crown a richer glory gave:
The first sweet flowers which May put forth bloomed on her early
grave.

Oh shame! that on defenceless head such blighting weight
should lie,

While the despoiler strong in pride, might pass uncensured by;

Could tears of life-long penitence e'er cleanse so foul a blot.
Oh man, "before the Judge of Heaven thy sex shall shield
thee not."

That sophistry which, here on earth immunity secures,
Shall pale before the awful light which round God's throne
endures,

When motives to their source are traced, and inmost hearts laid
bare ;

"Ruthless destroyer," Heaven is just! thy sin shall find thee
there.

* * * * *

His passion's fever, barely past, ere reason's voice had power ;
And in his deep remorseful grief, he cursed the fatal hour
When first her beauty o'er his path such maddening light had
thrown,

That he his soul in peril cast to call her but his own ;
He dared not trust his gaze to rest upon her face once more,
Lest its white anguish, meekly borne, might flood the chalice o'er ;
He felt the sight would from its hold but wrench his reason's chain,
And to his unatoned sin add yet a deeper stain.

Lo, to its utmost tension stretched his soul's enduring power,
He loathed his life, yet feared to die in that despairing hour,
His disrobed spirit darkly stained with all his unwept sin ;
With not one plea, he dared to hope might palliation win :
Hath earth no spot, he wildly cried, where Lethian fountains
flow—

No desert solitude wherein my soul might hide its woe ;
Or shall each hour o'erladen dawn with tortures new and keen,
Changing to show mine anguished thought, what is, what might
have been ?

Oh, stars, avert your piercing eyes ; oh, night of bitter woe ;
Where ! where ! in all thy darkness rests the wife that loved me
so ?

Henceforth on earth a wanderer, till on some blessed morn,
The glorious sun from heaven will shine upon a faith new-born ;
Till in her presence I may stand—a penitent sincere,—
Till on my soul like music thrills the voice I thirst to hear,
Till prison'd in my fervent clasp shall her white hand be laid ;
Till known the fierce and bitter strife my tempted soul essayed ;
Till on the crimson of her lips I seal my pardon sure,
And see a blissful era dawn, which must till Death endure ;

Till to my heart I hold her clasped, and as in days of yore,
Her head upon my bosom rests, the home it blessed before.

It was no dream : that lovely head with all its raven hair,
Upon his bosom oft had lain, nor dreamed of treachery there ;
That eye, whose flashing beauty filled his soul with wildamaze,
Had drooped within its snowy lid, beneath his burning gaze ;
And those sweet lips, whose rosy light outmatched the coral's pride,
Had all their sweetest smiles reserved for him when by her side ;
Yet now their scorn they scarce withheld—oh, withering thought
to bear,

That lovely flower, though all his own, his breast might never
wear ;

Who won him by her girlish grace, her sweet and gentle mien,
In bright bewildering beauty stood : that ball-room's chosen queen ;
A splendid circle round her closed, herself the petted shrine,
Where rank and wealth their homage laid, for them her dark eyes
- shine.

That brow with its pale snowdrop wreath, oh heart ! say would
she choose

His favourite flowers to deck her hair, and yet his love refuse ?
He caught her eye, and in his glance such deep devotion threw,
As would a sweet embrace have won, ere she his falsehood knew ;
But now ! the answering gaze that flashed from that resplendent
eye,

Sank like a dagger in his soul ; she passed him proudly by ;
As reft of motion, there he stood, and strange as it would seem,
The happy past was all his own, and this a mocking dream ;
He noted not the passing hours, the now deserted hall,
Whose glittering lamps in waning threw strange shadows on the
wall,

Unconscious of all earthly things, save that his hopes were flown,
He sought amidst the dews of night a sorrow like his own,
Till from the midnight azure, paled the stars' faint light away,
And gorgeous from the glowing east arose the orb of day ;
The morning air blew clear and cool upon his fevered brow,
The joyous lark above him soared, its lay unheeded now.
On, on with swift, yet careless step, and now the city's glare
Lay far behind, he raised his head and gazed around him there ;
A lovely scene before him lay, a gently flowing brook
Was murmuring o'er its pebbled bed, and in a lovely nook
A fairy cottage peeped from out its bower of living green,
A porch where morning glories climbed, whose azure cups were
seen

To mingle with the snowy stars of the timid Jasmine flower,
And all around were blossomed sweets whose perfume filled the
bower,

An arbour with its trellised vines had entrance half concealed,
He parted back the leafy screen, and entered unrevealed;
He would but rest awhile, and then his toilsome path pursue,
And bitterly and long he mused, nor cared the moments flew;
How long he knew not, for the birds but trilled a sweeter lay,
And the sun unto his zenith rode: no shadow on his way;
How fair and bright looked earth and heaven, the blue unclouded
sky,

The glorious sun, whose dazzling beams but pained the gazing
eye,

The tinkling fall of water near, with slumbers in their sound,
The warbling birds, the tinted flowers, was this enchanted
ground?

And spirit voices seemed to sigh upon the gentle breeze
That swept above the fragrant earth, and through the whispering
trees;

All, all seemed joyous, bright, and fair, but beamed no hope for
him,

A lone, unloved, and cheerless life, a future dark and dim;
Remorse upon his soul lay dark, he bent his burning brow,
And prayed that God would mercy show, and grant him comfort
now.

Composed beyond his earnest hopes, he vowed that future years
Should know him but by good deeds wrought,—a footstep light he
hears,

The shading boughs were drawn aside, and in the opening
stood

A form, that to his rebel heart sent back the truant blood,
And left him pale and motionless, nor power to smile or grieve,
Oh! of this earthly paradise, was this the beauteous Eve?
A flowing robe of spotless white fell round her graceful form,
A vision of rare loveliness, to take a heart by storm,
Her slender waist a girdle clasped, she wore no wreath nor
gem,

Nought but her bright abundant hair, 'twas nature's diadem.
Those bright dark eyes, and ruby lips, and curls of shining
jet,

Could but belong to one on earth, oh heaven, 'twas Marguerette,
His beautiful neglected one, so wildly sought in vain,
Now dearly prized, and madly loved, his spirit's sweet refrain;

'Twas scarce a moment that he stood, ere springing to her side,

He clasped her in a wild embrace, his once forsaken bride,
And all the thrilling eloquence that e'er had been his own,
Came back to aid him with its power in low, impassioned tone,

He pleaded long and earnestly, and threw into his tale
Such strength of pathos, sadly sweet, as surely must prevail.
Through sleepless nights, and wretched days, in high and lowly spot,

Where mountains frowned, or valleys bloomed, he had sought, but found her not;

And she! ah, she! that angel form, was cast in human mould,
Her heart spoke wildly in his cause when lip and brow were cold,

And strong within her swelled the love, which ne'er its death had met,

She could not teach her woman's heart its idol to forget.

Then o'er her face like sunshine broke the glad sweet smile of yore,

And down, like rain, the warm tears gushed from flood-gates closed before;

* * * * *

Not this the blind adoring love which blessed her girlhood's days,

With power to brighten rugged paths to fair and flowery ways;

That smiled upon the summer heaven, and saw a deeper hue

Steal with a glory shedding light o'er all the arching blue,

Which read the night's sweet mystery, and heard the deeper tone

That to the silent spirit comes through all her low wind's moan,

Which found new beauty in the wave, and clothed the stars in flame,

And read in every shining orb its Maker's deathless name;

That touched the brow, o'er all beloved, with wand of fairy lore,

And bade its high pale beauty beam with grace not there before;

Clothed in such bright ideal robe, immaculate 'twould seem,

A demigod of grace and power, a spirit's blissful dream,

In loving reverence placed too high, her idol needs must fall

With crushing force the knowledge came, 'twas human after all;

A proud, impulsive, generous soul, whose impulse held its sin,
That bartered all a life-time's peace, a transient bliss to win.

* * * * *

With clasping hands they wandered through that garden's flowery
maze,

While hope sang sweetly in each heart of happy future days—
And entered through that blossom'd porch unto a life anew ;
A life by sorrow purified to lustre bright and true.

With footstep light she passed him then, while cheek and brow
so fair,

Were radiant with the secret joy which grew to triumph there.
Withdrawing from a curtain'd arch, the draperies' crimson fold,
His eager sight a vision met whose joy can ne'er be told,
For in a low, lace-shaded cot a cherub infant slept;
There nightly her fond patient watch had that young mother
kept ;

And while through rosy-parted lips the fragrant breath would
steal,

She knelt to bless the pitying love which could such joy reveal,
This crowning glory of her life when all seemed dark beside ;
When grief lay heavy at her heart, or e'en her tears were dried.

Bright were the sunny locks that waved the blue-veined temples
o'er,

And azure as the cloudless Heaven the hue the sweet eyes wore,
While deep within their dreamy depths a wondrous beauty lay
In all its bright intensity more sweet than words can say,
The fair soft cheek just tinged with rose the lips of carmine
rare,

In parted beauty half disclosed the pearls that glistened there ;
A picture sweet to look upon, a sight so free from guile,
Might melt the sternest heart to love, or win an angel's smile.
"A father," and he knew it not, then surging through his frame
In rapture every fibre thrilled unto the holy name.
Oh, undeserved hope fulfilled, from this sweet source alone
Sprang all the love which pardon gave, though till this hour
unknown,

He could but clasp her silently, for words were weak and vain,
To speak the joy which in his soul hymned a sublimer strain.
He could but clasp her silently and bless her as she stood
With heaven's sweet sunlight on her brow—a fair and golden
flood,

And misty now with tenderness her lustrous eyes grew dim ;
But all her bosom's tumult sang a welcome sweet to him,

As when of yore the fond old sire the prodigal forgave,
And blessed him as a soul reclaimed from error's living grave.
She sought to hide the dreary past beneath the present joy,
And spoke but words of love and hope which might his grief
destroy.

With such a pure young monitress for ever by his side,
His wavering feet no more essayed the path too early tried,
Where grief, the sunlit heaven of God, encanopied with gloom,
And sorrow merged to agony, within the darkened room;
There, there his willing footsteps led, his soothing tones were
heard

Beguiling tedious hours of pain by kindly act and word,
Till brightly o'er his altered life the star of promise shone.
Sweetly attuned to noble deeds the years flowed smoothly on,
In praising God for all good gifts he placed all praise above,
As nobler, purer far than all—a true wife's deathless love,
“Thou soul-subduing power,” he sang, “the living world Thy
sway,

Hath ever owned, tis a scepter'd might that cannot pass away;
Thy monarchy is absolute—few, few, Thy power disown;
And that deep unfathomed mystery, the human heart Thy
throne;

When vanquished Time shall be no more, high in the heavens
above

Shall Thy continuance ever reign, for God's dear name is LOVE.”

He knew not that a broken heart the kindly earth had hid,
In mercy veiling all its woe beneath the coffin lid;
Nor deemed he of a daisied grave the willow weepeth o'er,
Whose spotless marble whitely gleams o'er “Earth-lost Isidore.”



LOVE VERSUS GOLD.

In Raynor Hall 'tis a festal night,
The lofty rooms are one blaze of light :
There are blossoms nursed in the wintry hours,
For the year as yet is too young for flowers.

Draw the crimson curtains with gentle hand,
You shall catch a glimpse of fairyland ;
Sweet brows that were born for gems to entwine,
And starry eyes that can dim their shine ;

The beauty and grace and loveliness
Of sparkling eye and shimmering tress.
But of all the youths there were nobler none
Than Hubert, Lord Raynor's only son ;

And of all the ladies who praise compel,
The fairest was lovely Floribel :
No eye like hers that could shine so bright,
No fairy foot that could fall so light :

She swept through the throng unmatched in grace,
Of peerless form and lovely face :
Grew deeper the rose on many a cheek,
To hear the praises that love will speak.

While music floats on the perfumed air,
And beauty delighteth everywhere :
The last of the lingering guests are gone,
And mother and son are left alone.

Deep thought lies calm on the lady's brow ;
The wish of her heart, untold till now,
At the birthday fête she had watched him well,
To see if on any his preference fell ;

But courtly and kind to each and all—
And many a beauty had graced the ball—
She smiled to think that his heart was free ;
That his bride might of her choosing be.

The hall is lonely since Edith died,
Hubert, my son, you must take a bride ;
So she be fair and of high degree
I am careless whom your choice may be :

Then she laid one hand on the bright young head—
You shall choose the lady, he gaily said ;
One month's wild freedom is all I crave,
And Lord Hubert has only to ask and have :

And is up and away with the morn's first beam,
While his lady mother pursues the theme—
Shall it be Alice or Lady Maud ?

In the pride of her heart she is slow to applaud,

For both are wealthy, high-born, and fair ;
Or Floribel of the golden hair ;
Or Lord Esto's daughter, of queenly pride ;
Which shall she choose for her son's young bride ?

For it entered not into heart or brain
That her darling Hubert could sue in vain,
And became no part of the mother's dream
That her son himself would oppose the scheme.

Through boyhood and youth he had bent to her will,
And with easy grace he would yield him still,
He would toss the curls from his brow away,
Raise his bright dark eyes to her own and say—

I bow to the edict, it so shall be,
My darling mother shall choose for me.
She had mightily pondered long and well,
And chosen the lady Floribel.

On what fairer brow could the coronet fall,
That belonged to the lady of Raynor Hall ?
But the month's wild freedom has grown to three,
And she marvels much where the boy can be.

He comes at last, but upon his brow
Some change is wrought : he is silent now
And stern, and grave, and by fits too gay—
As chasing some haunting thought away :

But so noble he looks in his new-born pride,
That naught she says of the promised bride,
But waits for a gentler, more genial mood—
He was not wont o'er his thoughts to brood,
And it came ; one morn the cloud seemed gone
From the brow she so loved to look upon
With a mother's fond and anxious eye ;
And he kisses her gravely and tenderly,
As gently she hinted the time was come
Of his promise to brighten her heart and home.
His dark eye beaming love and pride :
You shall choose the hour but not the bride.

In my wanderings late I have met with one
Not a lovelier breathes beneath the sun,
Such beauty and grace she doth meekly wear,
And her heart is pure as her face is fair.

You were careless on whom the lot might fall :
The bride I bring shall outshine them all,
And nobly among them she'll bear her part :
She is graceful by nature, they, by art :

Beauty and grace her glorious dower,
She will match the lilies—my woodland flower,
“And your father, Hubert,” a flush of red
Passed hot o'er his brow as the words she said.

My lordly father, yes pride and ire
Tempered with scorn, compose my sire ;
Shall I kneel at his feet and plead in vain,
He would glory in aught that gave me pain.

Hubert, the lady gravely said,
Why leaps to your cheek the angry red ?
Remember, my son, 'twas the sudden blow
Of Edith's death which has changed him so.

That he loves you well in my heart I feel,
Though he broods o'er a wound that time will heal :
I am deeply grieved that you so should speak.
Mother, I have not your spirit meek ;

He will yield to you what he yields to none.
Lord Raynor's pride lives again in his son :
My steed at the turret basement waits,
Ere the hour has waned I shall pass the gates,

And when next you see me my bride is won,
You shall gain a daughter, nor lose a son.
You best to my father the tale can break,
You must love her, mother, for Hubert's sake.

Ah, the words in her heart are a subtle spell,
He hath read her gentle nature well.
Yes, the storm of anger may fiercely break,
She will brave it all for Hubert's sake ;

For no love on earth hath such fervour won
As a mother's love for an only son.
In him is renewed his father's youth,
The brow of pride and the lip of truth.

When he bends from his stately height to bless,
Her heart leaps high to that fond caress.
She may have daughters fair and dear,
And their weal to her heart lies warmly near :

But HE, her daring, her joyous one,
Whose eye (like the eagle's) would meet the sun ;
Who fears no ills that the years may bring,
Defying time on his lightning wing ;

How can she weep that her youth is gone
With his brave, bright manhood to lean upon.
No love on earth hath such fervour won,
As a mother's love for an only son.

* * * * *

Oh ! he knows of one in a lowly home—
What bliss with her through the world to roam ;
To watch the sweet lights flush and fade
In the fairest face that God has made ;

To kiss her lips that are oh, so red,
Till cheek and brow are with crimson spread ;
To clasp her close to his heart and tell
How for months he has loved her long and well ;

To kneel at her feet and fondly call
Her fairest, and sweetest, and best of all ;
Ah ! that were better than wealth untold,
Alas, for the lady who lacked not gold.

And alas for all that his sire might say,
As booted and mounted he rides away,
By road and river, by field and tree,
Half lost in a dreamy reverie.

He thinks with a thrill of her sweet surprise,
Her sunny tresses, her soft blue eyes,
Her tiny foot, with its fairy fall,
And a nameless grace that pervadeth all.

While faster and faster the good steed flew,—
Oh, his heart's impatience it surely knew,—
She shall roam with him over summer seas,
Where the blue wave curls to the whispering breeze;

She shall feel the thrill of the mountain air,
Oh the breezy heights that his soul could dare;
And in classic lands he will show her then
Earth's mightiest teachings by brush and pen.

He stays not to note that the budding bowers
Bear radiant promise of early flowers;
That a few faint blossoms have peeped to see
If the sun is shining on lane and lea;

And the birds' sweet voices unheeded fall,
For love hath a spell beyond them all;
He sees where the bowing landlord waits,
At the ancient hostelry's open gates.

And he knows that warm were the welcome won,
For his honoured father's more honoured son,
Where the quaint old dragon slowly swings,
But his heart is dead to such earthly things.

Hath only room for one hope, one aim,
As softly he utters a girl's sweet name;
Nor feels he hunger, or thirst or pain,
As he gives his willing steed the rein.

One effort more and the goal is won,
And bravely the charger gallops on
Till he startles the birds in the leafy lane,
And draws at the wicket his bridle rein.

Will she joy in the tale he comes to tell?
Will she leave ALL for him who loves her well?
Who will make her of heart and home the queen,
As fair a bride as the world has seen.

Will the white lids droop o'er the starry eyes,
As softly blue as Italian skies?
Will she listen in silence the end until,
And something within him says yes, she will.

Not at her seat, neath the Linden tree
Is she whom he seeketh; where can she be?
Then into his heart creeps a deadly chill;
In his breast till now was no thought of ill.

But over each pane is a snowy gleam;
Yet it might be because of the bright sunbeam;
There's a lattice open to catch the breath
Of the stilly eve, too sweet for death.

He turns to a step on the dewy green,
And lowly bends to his fairy queen:
Oh eyes that shine, and oh lips that thrill;
Youth's golden dream—thou art lovely still.

Paler her cheek since he saw it last;
O'er the pensive brow some shadow has past:
Her lustrous eyes seem in tears to swim;
Oh blest if her sorrow has been for him.

He has told his story, and told it well,
And whispers if she has aught to tell:
Then the little maiden who knows no guile,
Meets his tender glance with a trusting smile,

And tells while her cheek grows deeply red,
And droops to his shoulder the lovely head:
How the heart from her breast at his coming had flown,
And through life unto death she is all his own.

Then he speaks of a mansion that proudly stands
Amid its own broad circling lands;
Of woods that skirt it in darkling pride,
Where the wild deer in the coverts hide,

And a noble river runs wide and free,
Like a silver thread through the greenery;
And without delay, would bear her hence,
For he trusts in his mother's eloquence.

And the most he fears from his father's pride
Is a courtly coldness towards his bride:
Of his idolised mother he softly speaks
With kindling eyes and glowing cheeks.

Yes, the waning light in the west shall dim
Ere he telleth all she has done for him :
You must love her, darling, he whispers then,
And happiest he in the world of men

When the sweet low voice meets his raptured ear,
And he feels for the future naught to fear.

In robes as rich as a bride may wear,
With pearls entwined in her sunny hair,
She stands before them a vision bright ;
And the mother's heart melts at the sight.

For was not Hubert her only son
Left of her darlings—the precious one ;
And shall she look coldly upon his bride :
The mother who ne'er one wish denied ?

And oh she is fairer than words can tell ;
Than Mand, or Alice, or Floribel :
And Lord Esto's daughter, of queenly pride,
Must yield to Lord Hubert's lovelier bride.

Beauty and grace her glorious dower,
She will match the lilies this woodland flower ;
She would kneel, but no to a mother's breast
The fair young head is drawn and pressed.

She meets the blue eyes' wistful gaze,
And loves her, even in these early days ;
While the love that thanks her from Hubert's eyes
Would repay a greater sacrifice.

Nor Lord Raynor's lip can curl in scorn,
For she moves as one to the manner born,
Gliding into her duties with gentle grace,
Till she takes in his heart lost Edith's place.

Till his proud lips bend to the sweet young brow,
And Lord Hubert has naught to wish for now.

Ah ! well, 'tis a story of bygone years,
And may fail to be pleasing to modern ears,
For lust of riches is said to be
The sin of the nineteenth century.

But ONCE in the battle of love against gold,
Love was the victor,—the tale is told.

LITTLE FRANK.

He came when snows were falling, and the forest trees were bare,
 And scarce the New Year's Jubilee had died upon the air;
 A gift, the fairies brought her on his mother's heart to rest,
 To keep all softer feelings warm and fond within her breast.
 When the rude north winds had chanted the death dirge of the
 year,

Ere the first sweet snowdrop peeping came to tell us spring was
 near,

When we mourned the pleasant sunshine, and the skies were
 dull and gray,

On the world his bright eyes opened two years ago to-day.

His mother's love watched darling, her charm for life's annoy,

Her little winter blossom—her dark-eyed baby boy.

She parts the waving tresses from the brow so smooth and fair,

To lay with lingering fondness her sweetest kisses there,

And whispers how she loves him with many a tender vow,

For he never will be dearer to her heart than he is now.

Though his tiny footstep leaveth scarce an echo in its way,

And all clouds that mar his sunshine in kisses melt away;

His father's image shineth in the dark and lustrous eyes,

And for this she holds him dearer than aught else beneath the
 skies.

Oh! if, when manhood crowns him, far from her side he stray,

Yet, yet, her love and blessing shall light him on his way.

* * * * *

For life is but a journey, that is taken 'neath the sun,

And the birthdays are the milestones, to show how far have run

Our feet upon the pathway, which—if rightly, meekly trod,

If duty be the watchword—leads to Heaven and to God.

With what careless feet we tread it, though death's angel, even
 now,

May the snow-pale wreath be weaving that might rest upon our
 brow

Ere the morrow's sun uprising, told another day begun,

Or the hour now swiftly waning to its latest sands had run,

For the hand of death is busy—in many a household nigh,

Not unmoved our hearts can bear it, bereavement's bitter cry.

We listen to the story with a strange, foreboding fear;

'Tis the voice of Rachel mourning the babes who were so dear,

And we weep in love and pity, and tremble as we pray,

For we know our lintel showeth no stain to turn away

The sword which Azrael beareth, no flashing crimson sign,

That from our darling's sleeping might swerve the shaft divine.
 Oh, if unscathed it leave us—into some home 'tis flown,
 And we see heads bowed in anguish, whose grief might be our
 own.

We count our treasures nightly, from the first-born proud and
 strong,

To the tender baby blossom, resting all the dark night long
 On the heart of her who bore it, whispering peace to her unrest.
 Drinking life and health and beauty from love's fountain in her
 breast,

* * * * *

With the children death has taken, ah! surely it is well.
 Far from earth's sin and sorrow, no tongue their joy can tell,
 What the holy angels see not their eyes most blest behold
 The face of Love unveiled, the Shepherd of the fold.

But no thought that breathes of sorrow should mingle in the lay,
 Twined to bless the glad returning of little Frank's birthday;
 For his dark eyes softly shining are a lovely sight to see,
 And his ruby lips are sweeter than the roses on the tree.
 To cloud his life's fair promise, what evil shall betide?
 With his mother's prayers to bless him, his father's love to guide,
 That each succeeding birthday bring yet a newer joy,
 Is the prayer of one who loves him—happy, smiling Baby Boy,

January 5th, 1876.

EVENING SHADOWS.

Sweet are the moments of feeling and thought,
 When memory before us brings visions unsought,
 And sweet aspirations the chaos illumine,
 Like blossoms whose beauty e'en brighten a tomb.
 When daylight is fading e'er lamps are aglow,
 The heart, with its weakness, familiar would grow;
 Self-searching, self-chiding, that tenure prove frail,
 Which has chosen abiding where storms must prevail;
 And beauty awed aways flings lightly away
 The gems that have bound her in thrall for the day,
 And twines, sweetly smiling, a rose in her hair,
 Sighing, one heart to love me, for wealth I'd not care,
 Shall pride's garish glitter e'er cease to hold sway?
 Nor vanity trifle the moments away?

Whose record, not stainless, but solemn shall be,
When Love stands unveiled in high majesty.
How vain are earth's triumphs, how fitful their gleam,
And wealth, fame, and beauty are not what they seem ;
But phantoms that lure us from virtue's bright track,
And rob us of smiles we may never win back.
We follow our idols, and gladly believe
What we wish to be true, though 'tis born to deceive,
Till the cup whose sweet pleasures we lived but to sip,
To ashes hath turned ere it touches the lip.
Then follows revulsion, oh ! date we our life
From the hour when the spirit ennobles its strife,
Pines for that high wisdom not time can destroy,
For immortal the soul, and immortal its joy.
One rock to the sinking sweet safety can give,
One cross and one Saviour whereby we may live,
One faith that shall brighten all things here below,
Which our pleasures must heighten, and solace our woe ;
And life's onward current must ceaseless flow on,
Though far from its gliding the sunshine be gone,
There's a prize to be fought for, a race to be run,
And rest shall be sweet when life's labour is done.
When the goal shall be reached, and a bright crown replace
The sharp thorns of anguish, and tears leave no trace
Where joy reigns ecstatic, and harps shall swell high,
And the Martyr of earth bear a palm in the sky.

A BRIDAL OFFERING.

A verse with thy bridal wreath to entwine,
A prayer that joy may be ever thine,
That thy life may be a path of flowers,
That love may gild the rosy hours,
And bless thy happy lot.

A barque upon a summer sea,
Where sky and wave from storms are free ;
With hope to cheer, and love to bless—
How calm the blue wave's loneliness,
By gentlest breezes curled.

'Tis a flowery crown that thy brow should wear ;
Myrtle and rose for thy shining hair ;
Thyself a rose, as fresh and fair
As earthly garden need to bear,
Of grief remembered not.

Oh, may his love—thy bridegroom now,
Whose crown of pride and joy art thou,—
But grow and strengthen with the years,
His breast the home for all thy fears,
Thy shield till time shall fail.

Thy fair sweet brow : thine eyes' soft light :
A fairy vision fill the sight ;
Sure joy for thee should wing the hours,
And step so light, but fall on flowers,
Whose perfume round thee cling.

And though on earth change still must rule,
May love's fond fervour ne'er grow cool ;
Prove true the bard's sweet prophecy ;
When years have passed, the wife shall be
Far dearer than the bride.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Not clothed in purple, on a charger high,
Spurning the ground from its impatient tread ;
No gilded sign of kingly majesty
Shone o'er his robe, or round his regal head.
No armèd host around his footsteps wait,
With banners streaming on the light breeze free ;
With shining swords, and pomp of earthly state,
To Salem's streets, her King and Lord to be.
But meekly o'er the palm-strewn path He came ;
O'er flowers and garments that in love were spread ;
With loud Hosannas ringing to His name,
Blessed is He, the tens of thousands said.
The Lord of countless worlds on worlds untold,
Hail to the name of David's royal son ;
They who before were blind, with joy behold
His glory now, His reign on earth begun.

Throw wide thy gates! Jerusalem, arise!
 Lo! here He comes, thy king so long foretold;
 Let pealing anthems swell, as thy glad eyes
 The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Hosts behold.
 How came he there? was it with eye of pride
 That gloated o'er destruction's work begun;
 That in His power, He might her woe deride;
 Came he then thus? God's well-beloved son.

Ah! no; He wept, and sorrowful he spoke:—
 City that smitest those who come to save;
 How oft would I have thy sad bondage broke,
 And thou would'st not, but rather sought a grave.
 Would thou had'st known the high and holy things
 Which to thy Peace, rebellious state, belong;
 Safe had'st thou lain beneath my sheltering wings,
 No lip to scorn, no hand to do thee wrong.

But now, alas! like billows of the sea,
 In fiery showers shall thy destruction fall;
 Thy pillar'd domes low as the dust shall be;
 Thy warlike princes sigh in captive thrall.
 In robes of woe shall thy fair daughters weep
 For the proud city, smitten in her pride;
 While faded buds in bitter tears they steep,
 In happier hours, culled on fair Carmel's side.

Thy lofty temples, fenced with gates of pearl,
 Where ye have mocked, not praised, with loud accord;
 These, stone from stone will I in vengeance hurl;
 Sealed—and foreknown thy doom—I am the Lord.
 And on they passed: a glad triumphant train;
 The lame that walk, the dumb that praises sing;
 The blind that see, the dead that live again,
 All bless His name, and hail Him Lord and King.

NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1864.

In silence we watched and waited for the time that was now so
 near,
 To bid farewell to the dying, and welcome the new-born year;
 High, in a cloud-flecked Heaven, the queenly moon glides on,
 No sorrow dimming her brightness for the year that will soon be
 gone.

Rapt from all my surroundings I deemed her, in fanciful thought,
Like a fair and stately lady, in whose heart no prayer hath
wrought;

And the year, like a pleading lover, praying in passionate pain,
If only one tear for his sorrows, nor that e'en her scorn will
deign.

Through fields of boundless ether treadeth she like a queen,
In the light of her glorious beauty casting a silvery sheen;
Winning all hearts with her sweetness, trailing her bright robes
far,

Paling with radiant glances the light of planet and star.
Fair is thy brow, oh! Dian, sweet is thy tranquil reign;
Beauty and love have crowned thee over the bounding main;
Weilding the sceptre of triumph, mighty the power must be
That ruleth the throbbing pulses of the restless, passionate sea.

* * * * *

In his stormy youth he had woo'd her with breathings of
rapturous love,

Bringing of blossoms the sweetest, calling her fair above;
All things on earth or in heaven again in his manhood's prime
Leal to the goddess he worshipped in that far-off happier time.

Nobler in all of his giving not as in spring's sweet hour,
The crude half-opened blossom, but the full and perfect flower;

Regal the gifts he gave her, incense never so sweet,
Laying his bountiful worship down at her scornful feet;
But winning no glance responsive, not to save from death or
despair,

Will she bend from her stately bearing, or alter her freezing air?
She has drank at both river and fountain, of the waters of beauty
and youth,

While he has grown old and weary, yet his heart has kept
its truth;

Enamoured yet of her brightness—loveth she 'neath her pride,
Will she grant to his age and sorrow the boon to his youth
denied?

Oh! not unworthy of honour something of grandeur clings,
Though Time is his summons bearing on swift invisible wings;
Though the brow is deeply furrowed that once was smooth
and fair;

Though his steps be faint and feeble, and far floateth his silvery
hair;

Something of grandeur clingeth, but his hopes fall one by one;
And meekly his head he bendeth to the doom that he cannot shun.

A prayer for ever unanswered, a hope but now it is past;
 And swiftly the moments are fleeting, verging unto the last.
 "Without"—but within all is warmth and brightness; ruddy
 the firelight falls;
 Bright on the jewelled holly fair on the pictured walls;
 It has brought us both joy and sorrow, the year that dieth
 to-night;
 Griefs we have shared together, joys which have made life bright,
 And linked with its memory ever one hope with such sweetness
 fraught,
 That reacheth far into the future its inborn passionate thought;
 Bearer of sunshine and shadow—fading so swift and soon;
 May with her emerald robings, and sunnier fairer June,
 Bearer of Autumn glories, ruddy on field and tree,
~~Crowning~~ our lives with mercies, grateful our hearts should be,
~~With a feeling of sorrowful longing we utter our last adieu,~~
 As we count the time by moments, dividing the old and new,
 Like a dear old friend departing whose footsteps across the floor
 We follow unto the threshold,—they pass and return no more.
 Sweet is the voice that recalls me as breaks on each listening ear,
 The sound of the jubilant joy bells that welcome the glad
 New Year.

A W E A R Y .

Come from the silence, sweet spirit of rest,
 Woo me to slumber that I may be blest;
 For only in slumber sweet visions are mine,
 And ever on waking my bliss I resign.
 Once I was happy, and joyous, and fair,
 Wild as the blossoms entwined in my hair;
 Free as the birds in the forest that sing,
 But at wealth's sordid touch all my pleasures took wing.
 Thou, who wert dearest, who still art most dear,
 I chide the sweet thought, but I would thou wert here;
 I would that to-night my tired head might recline
 On a bosom whose faith was unswerving as thine.
 Speak, darling, I listen, though seas intervene,
 Or mountains in grandeur rise frowning between;
 The wild winds shall bear it, nor mountain nor sea
 Can steal, ere they reach me, those tidings of thee.

Rich are the robes which in scorn I must wear,
 Costly the gems that flash light from my hair ;
 But nor gems nor rich raiment the aching can stay
 Of a heart that pines ever that thou art away.

Does the weary earth hold thee ? or, sick of its pain,
 Hast thou cast off its burden, relinquished its chain ?
 Then I would that my spirit, enfranchised and free,
 Were treading the paths of Elysium with thee.

Come from the silence, sweet spirit of rest ;
 Bend o'er me softly, give peace to my breast ;
 For sleeping I revel in dreams of delight,
 And waking I would it could ever be night.

FOR MY BABY'S FUNERAL CARD.

We lay thee, darling, to thine holy sleeping,
 With death's sweet seal upon thy fair brow set ;
 Praying, believing, through our wildest weeping,
 Beyond earth's tears our love may clasp thee yet.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

Oh ! morn, that in beauty excelleth ; what splendour around thee
 is spread ;
 As the sun, like a monarch exultant, upsprings from his orient
 bed,
 And changeth the mist into glory, from his glances the white
 clouds o'er flee,
 Floating on the clear bright azure, as lovely as dream shapes be ;
 And over them slowly departing, the day God delighteth to throw
 A tinge of His own bright beauty : a blending of crimson with
 snow ;
 Fairy isles on a fairy ocean—till pale in the west they lie,
 Where the blue hills deeply answer to the soft tender light of the
 sky ;

And the eye fed enchanted with beauty, seeketh nothing or near
 or far,
 But in glad sudden trance of contentment, resteth as on a star.
 And hark! from the woodlands arising, where June doth her
 green crown wear,
 Sweet voices, that float and tremble, far out on the morning air;
 A chorus of heart stirring sweetness, but one to my thought most
 dear,

Whose minstrelsy most I cherish, I see not, and yet I hear.
 Oh, earth is too low for his rapture, a speck on the blue above;
 He soareth on quivering pinions, outpouring his heart in love,
 With the halo of distance around it, so soft comes that mellowed
 song,
 That on the rich tide of its sweetness the full heart is carried
 along,
 And joins in its jubilant welcome to the light of the risen sun.
 Ah! missed from the woodland chorus thy voice is the loveliest
 one;
 So soft is the air that to breathe it is luxury almost divine.
 O man, did thine errors not darken, what a paradise yet might
 be thine:
 I gaze where the blue haze floateth dreamily on the air,
 And seen through its shimmering brightness earth seemeth unreal
 and fair;
 No abode of sin or of sorrow—but a temple whose dome is the sky,
 An Eden for man to delight in, whose thoughts as the heavens
 are high.

“ Oh heart, cease thy rapturous singing o’er the landscape thou
 deemest so fair,
 Blotting out all its brightness and beauty, there cometh a wail
 of despair;
 And of death and bereavement it moaneth, with the dawning the
 angel came,
 And fulfilling his mission departed, leaving of life but a name.
 Say, would not the heart quake inly, the pale lips be palsied and
 dumb,
 At “lo thy life’s measure is meted, the judgment awaiteth,”
 come.
 In the east is sweet promise of morning, not for thee shall its
 bright sun shine
 The dark clouds of the night are dispersing, for a day shall not
 be thine.

No cry broke the midnight stillness, not a sound on the startled air
Of Azrael's wings no rustle, betraying his presence there.
Was his lamp replenished and burning, his robe for the bright land made?
Would the bending angel whisper—"it is I, oh be not afraid,"
Through the valley I come to lead thee; and though gloom be on every hand,
Thou shalt faint not, nor yet grow weary; 'tis the gate of the shining land;
'Tis the summons we know NOT ITS IMPORT, but for solace unuttered we know
That our God is plenteous in mercy, unto anger not sudden but slow;
That His love palliation findeth for deeds which are done in his sight,
Which we in our blindness see not, or seeing judge not aright.
Then read not his life's page too closely, nor its errors too earnestly scan;
To BE JUDGE, God's prerogative only, and ne'er relegated to man.
Would he plead in his love with the angel, earth hath many a pitfall and snare,
And I pray thee delay but my summons while I bid my darlings beware.
Then, as oil upon troubled waters, unstable thy faith must be
If thy heart has not pondered the promise,—“leave thy fatherless children to me,”
Saith the Lord, even God in the highest, from his holy of holies above,
I will leave them not nor forsake them who trust in my mercy and love,
Who firm on my promise relying, shall escape every pitfall and snare;
It is mercy not wrath that denies thee to bid thy darlings beware.
Oh death! too impatient thy summons,—could'st thou not thy stern mandate have stayed
While his children had gathered around, while his trembling hand had been laid
On each head that was bent to receive it in blessing and parting love,
The words so falteringly spoken had been treasured all else above;
To his share has been sunshine and shadow—the hopes, joys, sorrows, and fears
Of a life purpose-wrought and accomplished in the turmoil of three-score years.

Tread lightly and darken the chamber, o'er the light let the
curtains fall;
Shut out the world's brightness and beauty, for oh he has done
with it all;
Done with life's labour and sorrow; bowed to time's pitiless rod;
On his brow lay your kisses and leave him: leave him alone with
his God.

FAREWELL.

Over all the earth is the twilight falling,
The tide sweeps in on the lessening shore;
Its monotone to my heart recalling
A sunny eve that shall live no more.

Oh, throbbing heart, is it wise to cherish
Hopes that are fed by dreams alone;
Sweet as heaven itself, yet born to perish,
For the winds of the past have their requiem blown.

Who hath thrilled beneath thine eyes' dark splendour,
Shall never again in life be free;
Who hath heard thy voice grow soft and tender,
Knows the peopled earth hath none like thee.

Had I then a throne, only thou shouldst share it;
Or the wealth of the world that it thine might be;
If a crown were mine thy brow should wear it;
And I exalted in loving thee;

For thou standest alone in thy princely bearing;
Thy brow's pale glory a king might own;
When its rare sweet smile thy face is wearing,
'Tis like morn's first glance after night has flown.

Fair lay the light on the sparkling river,
Where white sails gleamed in the distance far,
My lips closed firmly to hide their quiver,
While thy face above me shone like a star.

Thine ebon eyes so deeply shining,
To find the love that lay hid in mine,
Careless I smiled when my heart repining
Mourned that one fate were not mine and thine.

Then I made a grave where my love should wither,
And buried it deeply and unconfessed ;
While the waves beside me, flung hither and thither,
Seemed like a heaving troubled breast,
That out of its passion could find no rest.

But the fever has fled and the pain departed ;
Grey are the skies that were once so blue ;
That world that claims thee is hollow-hearted :
Yet all it taught thee was to be true.

Yes, the night hath a voice, and it sings in falling,
While phosphoric gleams light the darkening sea ;
And slumbrous winds through the pines are calling ,
And that God willeth alone can be.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Meet gift were a pearl from old ocean's swell,
From the coral caves where the Genii dwell,
And her brow's sweet grace would become it well ;
Or some relic of ruins old.

Or a jewel to flash its radiance fair
From the sunny braids of her shining hair ;
Or a tropical blossom bright and rare ;
Or a ring of fairy gold.

But sheen of jewels, nor bloom of flowers
Can I send to brighten her birthday hours ;
In the fickle month which change endowers,

But whose rainbow tints are fair :
And she who has beauty, grace, and youth,
On whose brow is tenderness stamped with truth ;
Whose heart for sorrow hath sweetest ruth,
She needs not gems to wear.

Yet the sapphire gleams in her starry eyes,
Where the quick warm tears which in pity rise,
With a tale of sadness to sympathise,

Tell the loving heart within.
I pray that her home may hallowed be,
[An isle of calm on the world's rough sea],
Where streams love's sunshine full and free,
That each hour new bliss may win.

Untrodden before her life lies fair,
As she treads its windings may joy be there,
And hope's fruition rich fulness bear
As the swift months grow to years.
May her joys be many, her sorrows few:
The wreath I send in my heart it grew,
And I would it might comfort and bless her too,
Who hath no cause for tears.

CHRISTINE.

We have buried her to-day, just beneath the chancel wall,
And to-night, upon the spot, the silvery moonbeams fall:
I wept to hear the soil rattling on the coffin lid,
For the beauty and the youth which in its shade lay hid.

Oh, had you seen her face when the wintry snows lay white,
It had charmed the heart within by its innocent delight,
For the sweet forget-me-nots were no bluer than her eyes,
While her cheeks had that rich tinting which in the wild rose lies.

Her brow was wide and low, and so delicate and fair,
That on the snowy temple you might trace the blue vein there,
Fitting crown unto its grace did her rich brown tresses seem;
Dark and lovely in the shade, golden in the bright sunbeam.

Oh, had you seen her face when the July roses came,
And with their crimson glories threw our gardens in a flame:
The lilies that she loved found their match upon her cheek;
But no words she gave her sorrow, of its cause she would not
speak.

But only paler grew wan and silent day by day,
Till one saddest hour of all, her spirit passed away:
In that mystic hour that lies 'twixt the darkness and the dawn,
Like a lily crushed and broken, its light and life withdrawn.

Only a broken heart gone to rest beneath the sod;
A young life's promise lost ere twenty years were trod:
Her sad untimely death lies heavy at one door;
'There is one from wild reproach shall be free—ah! nevermore.

We have buried her to-day, just beneath the chancel wall,
And to-night upon the spot the silvery moonbeams fall;
The kindly deeds she wrought while in life she had the power,
Leave a memory behind her like the perfume of a flower.

WELCOME TO GARIBALDI, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO LONDON IN 1864.

Welcome, thrice welcome, brave soldier of freedom,
Unto the shores where thy name is so dear;
Bright eyes grow brighter—oh, would thou couldst see them,
Eager with joy as thy footsteps draw near.

Highly we prize the proud name that thou bearest;
Bravest to dare where so many were brave;
Hero of heroes—of patriots the rarest—
Glory attends where thy free banners wave.

And oh, there are those whom, though humble, will cherish
The light of thy smile as a boon from above:
A sweet sacred memory never to perish!
Born of the true heart whom to know is to love.

When splendour and wealth are all lavished around thee,
And even the noblest give praise to thy worth,
Yet, yet, oh forget not the people have bound thee
Close to their hearts, true if lowly of birth.

Afar there are those who for freedom contending,
All bravely they stand, yet thy succour may need:
Their deep love for thee, and their fond pride still blending,
Will follow with blessing and wish thee God speed.

Welcome, thrice welcome, illustrious stranger,
May thy health with the summer's sweet roses return,
That when far away, amid death-wail and danger,
The fire in thine eye with new ardour shall burn.

BEAUTIFUL SEA.

Beautiful sea ! beautiful sea !
Some magic spell there dwelleth in thee ;
Stormy or gentle, still wild and free :
Dearly I love thee, beautiful sea !

Beautiful sea ! when the sun's decline
Hath flooded the west with his parting sign,
Wondrous and lovely then to behold,
With thy tinted wavelets of heaving gold.

Beautiful sea ! when the moon is bright,
Bathing thy bosom in silvery light,
When each pale sweet star looks down upon thee
In tremulous rapture, beautiful sea !

Beautiful sea ! when the tempests ride
In storm-bound car o'er thy wrathful tide,
Turning thy waters to snow-white foam,
While the sailor sighs for his far-off home,
Blending wonder with awe we then gaze upon thee,
Proudly triumphant, beautiful sea !

Beautiful sea ! when thy passion o'er,
Thy gentle waves kiss the peaceful shore ;
Oh, that my requiem sweet might be
Thy murmuring music, beautiful sea !

UNDER THE SPELL.

Think not she knows if the dress she weareth
Be costly and rich, or poor and old ;
When the wand of a priestess aloft she beareth,
And her Robes imperial fold
Hath its sable sewn with stars that are fairer,
Than ye of the earth behold.

O'er the bare brown moorland her rapt gaze wanders,
Afar where the blue hills be,
And she hears in a revel of awe and wonder
What the storm spirit saith to the sea.

Soaring as high as her soul essayeth
The bird's brave wings would tire ;
To the blue bright Heaven the lark can reach not,—
Her thoughts in their flight aspire.
In a trance of beauty the night is round her,
And it seems as her soul had wings
That might cleave the heights of the great eternal,
And with quivering lip she sings.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THOUGHT.

Where is thy dwelling proud spirit ?
Is it high on the mountain's crest,
Where the sun but touches to dazzle,
And the snows of the ages rest ?

Doth it ride on the wings of the tempest,
The foam of the curling wave,
Or lower in deeps of ocean
Than storms can reach to rave ?

Surely the sea might enthrone thee,
Spirit of grandeur and might,
In a palace whose richest splendours
Flash not on mortal sight.

Girt and encrusted with Jewels—
Coral, and Pearl, and Gold,—
Treasures that never were counted,
Wonders that cannot be told.

Gems kings shall have not for craving,
Though the prize were a kingdom and crown,
Where death awaits the explorer
Who dares to the depths go down.

Where he wieldeth his sceptre unconquered,
While the tempest worketh his will,
And he counteth his slain by thousands,—
Grim and insatiate still.

Where the mermaiden sings as she wanders,
While the blossoms her pale hands hold,
Are more delicate, fair, and lovely,
Than in gardens of earth unfold.

Nor mountains nor sea can enchain thee ;
 Might must thy guerdon be ;
 That linkest the years unto ages,
 And maketh the nations free.

.. The despot quakes at thy spreading ;
 The God-given light that is thine
 Hath its seat and its centre in heaven,
 The mind of man its earth shrine.

* * * * *

But a light step over the threshold boundeth ;
 A child's voice filleth the silent room,
 Sweet as if sent from the spheres it soundeth,
 No flower as those lips hath such sweet perfume.

Blue are the eyes in her own up smiling,
 Whose long dark fringes the fair cheeks shade ;
 For the one sweet gift which her God vouchsafes her,
 She loveth all things his hand hath made.

Closely around her the fond clasp clingeth,
 A warm little cheek to her own is pressed,
 Away to the winds her cares she flingeth,
 For one sweet hour of love and rest.

In the tender lips that cheer and chide not,
 But ever in love unquestioning clings ;
 That have power to take from the clouds their darkness,
 And cheat life's sorrows of half their sting.

Though the tones are harsh that should but be gentle,
 And coldness liveth where love were best ;
 Life's undercurrent hath sweets unnumbered,
 Ah ! here is comfort, and hope, and rest.

And faint in the east a light is shining,
 The morns pale promise unveils a star,
 The summer dying leaves yet one blossom
 And joy on her bright wings waits afar.

BABY'S LULLABY.

Bright are thine eyes, love ; oh, never may sorrow
 O'er their glad beauty throw aught of its gloom,
 Veiled from our seeing God's mystic to-morrow ;
 Break not its silence, dread trumpet of doom.

Ah ! why canst thou smile since to-night I am weeping ;
 A thousand forebodings so trouble my rest :
 But as calm as a lake where the moonbeams are sleeping
 Is the dear little face pillowed warm on my breast.

Smile on, for thy heart is too young to know sorrow ;
 Smile on, for thine eyes are too happy for tears ;
 And the dark sullen cloud that o'ershadows the morrow
 May break but in drops that shall lighten our fears.

Ah ! why is my spirit so troubled and shaken—
 So fearful of fate in its trembling unrest ?
 And why in the silence of night to awaken,
 And smile when in prayer is my weakness confessed ?

Could thy mother, my sweet one, thy destiny sway,
 What a lot should be thine on life's river to glide :
 With never a cloudlet to darken thy way,
 Nor a gale that could swerve thy light shallop aside
 Like a carol of joy in a garden of bloom,
 Where the zephyrs sigh fragrance, the trees whisper love,
 Where the beautiful flowers are all rich with perfume,
 And the heavens in glory are smiling above.

Oh, God ! of thy blessings the brightest and best,
 Thy gifts of the richest, the pure, and the sweet :
 To crown her awaking, to soothe her at rest,
 Is the cry of the suppliant heart at thy feet.

July, 1867,

* * * * *

That prayer, when summer roses bloomed and summer breezes
 played

Above the green and smiling earth where yet my darling stayed ;
 But cleaving through the pearly dawn in hour of saddest name
 The fiat of a mighty hand, the fearful answer came.

Yes, God has blessed her as I prayed, with gifts both rich and
 sweet,

And glorious is the heavenly land she treads with angel feet.
 I stand beneath the silent stars, and watch their golden blaze,
 And lift unto the pitying heaven a wild despairing gaze :
 And vaguely wonder if the heart can e'er its grief forget,
 Whose sweetest hopes are wrecked and torn, whose star in death
 is set.

Alas for hope, for love, for peace ! the aching sight can see
 Naught but a tiny new-made grave, where droops a willow tree.

November, 1867.

CONSOLATIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

Oh ! come, weary pilgrim, rich joys are prepared,
Since the hour when thy Saviour on Calvary bled ;
The work of Redemption determined and dared,
Thy sins were all laid on his innocent head.

Like a lamb to the slaughter in silence he came,
The Saviour so gentle, with thorns on his brow ;
Then blessed for ever Emmanuel's name,
Who in glorified holiness pleads for us now.

Come ye to the waters who thirsting have known,
~~Come~~ and freely receive, nor a price shalt thou pay ;
For the stream hath its birth from Jehovah's great throne,
And will flow, never ceasing ; come then while you may.

Watch, therefore, and faint not, for narrow the way ;
Keep thy light ever shining, thy heart ever pure ;
For a star is before thee, whose ne'er fading ray,
Shall lead thee in peace where thy rest is secure.

Lay up treasure in Heaven, thy Saviour hath said,
For there where thy gems and thy riches must lie,
There too will thy heart be of Heavenly bread,
Fill the need of thy soul for a mansion on high.

Oh ! the spirit's sweet goal not on earth shall be found ;
Set thy heart then on things which no fading shall know ;
Build thy future secure upon Heavenly ground,
Where nor rust doth corrupt, nor can thieves overthrow.

Be gentle and patient whatever befall,
'Tis Jesus' example through insult and woe ;
And thy ill shall be good, and the pains that appal,
Shall enfold thee with blessings ne'er dreamed of below.

March on, happy Pilgrim, thy haven is nigh,
And its brightness shall bless thee, for eye hath not seen,
Nor hath ear ever heard, nor thy thought could supply,
Of the bliss that in store for long ages has been.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Oh, weep not for thy loved and lost, the cloud hath lining fair,
Though he may never come to thee, yet thou mayst meet him
there.

The dove hath found its spotless wings, and soared in happy flight
From tears and pain, from grief and care, to realms of dazzling
light :

Where from his Saviour's radiant face doth love eternal shine.

Ah ! sister dear, a happy fate hath blessed that babe of thine ;

And there are hours thy soul will mount on faith's bright wings
afar,

Where dwells encanopied with light thy life's unfading star,
Whose clear, bright rays shall reach thy heart with beams of holy
love,

His presence felt, his influence shed from that bright home above.

Oh, think not of him, cold and pale, beneath the daisied sod,

But 'mid the shining infant throng—the cherubim of God.

They lead him now by living streams, through fields for ever fair,
And fadeless flowers and changeless bloom, and glory beameth
there.

No sin may stain his bright young brow, no tears his eyelids wet.

Walk not the earth with mournful feet, in dark and sad regret ;

The brow thy lips so loved to press a starry crown must wear ;

And myriad wings are waving through the light that falleth
there.

Though death's unerring shaft hath sped and laid thy bright one
low,

The "hand that gave" can heal the wound and sanctify the
blow :

Who spoke in ancient Galilee a holy peace be still,

Can curb the swelling waves of woe by His Almighty will—

Can safely bear through seas of storm whose waves fierce
tempests ride,

Till "bright as joy" the haven gleams o'er Jordan's outward tide.

There's healing balm in Gilead yet—its fount hath source divine,

And, as the blessed dew of peace, it falls on grief like thine.

Go, cast thy burden at His feet who wipes the mourner's tears,

And thou shalt bless His chastening love through long and happy
years.

To my dearly beloved Sister Emma, on
losing her little Son.

May, 1871.

TO A SWALLOW.

Oh pause, little wanderer, pause in thy flight,
For the winds are not cold, and the skies are yet bright,
The flowers not all faded, the streams are yet free,
Stay, weary one, stay, we've a shelter for thee.
There's a warm shady nook where thy dear ones may rest—
Can'st thou silence the longing which stirs in thy breast.

What! thy wing ready poised; ah then, whither away,
Since for song nor for shelter thou deignest to stay;
Whence floweth this longing: thy bosom's unrest—
Who instilleth a dread in the joy of thy breast?
For thou fearest the wind wailing over the lea,
And yet bravest the tempest that sweeps o'er the sea.

When the deep solemn midnight encircles the main,
And thy wing may not falter, a footing to gain,
Will the king of the storm lower his banner for thee,
Or calm, for thy passage, his realm of the sea;
Thou art deeming perchance in thy lofty disdain,
That thy pinions have power o'er the waves of the main.

In the strength of thy pride, through the tempest to go,
Unheeding the warfare that rages below:
When the ship, like a spirit, flits over the sea,
And one swift glance of love flashes upward to thee.
Oh surely the land must be fairest and best,
Where thou rearest thy brood, and which holdeth thy nest

Oh tarry one moment, since there thou must go,
And a tribute of love thou shalt sweetly bestow;
There's a tear-hallowed grave, in a far away spot,
Oh seek it, sweet bird, it hath ne'er been forgot,
'Tis a willow-crowned sod, by a vine-covered wall,
Where the bright beams of sunset are latest to fall.

'There's a fair head lies pillowed far down in the sod,
Awaiting, in silence, the trumpet of God.
Ah! we know that no music her slumber can break;
But e'en she to the life-giving blast shall awake,
In the midnight solemnity awful and grand
When invested with might, on the sea and the land.

The Archangel of God, by his trumpet of power,
 Shall assemble the dead in that agonised hour.
 I will wait thy return, and will learn from thy lay,
 Whether beauty still reigns o'er that grave far away :
 Doth the willow yet bend, and the sunset yet fall
 On the ivy-crowned church, and that vine-covered wall ?

Do the myrtle leaves float zephyr-borne to that spot,
 Where cradled in slumber she heedeth them not.
 Ah me ! how my thoughts have diverged from the track,
 Which I marked for them first ; oh haste little one back ;
 And surely the hand which upholdeth thy flight,
 Unerring, and onward, by day and by night ;
 Who guideth thy wing o'er the peril-fraught sea,
 Hath a blessing for us who are greater than thee.

November, 1865.

A DREAM.

Ah ! I have wept, and yet thou wert not near me,
 To chide my tears and bid me grieve no more,
 Have breathed thy name, alas, thou could'st not hear me,
 The ocean rolls between me and that shore ;
 But of the sweet dead past, its olden splendour,
 One living ray within my heart doth dwell,
 Refined by sorrow holy, pure, and tender,
 That aids me now to smile and say farewell.
 Farewell, farewell ; but not in anguish spoken ;
 Farewell ! but not, oh not for evermore :
 There lowers no sky so dark, but clouds have broken
 Its inky gloom, no wave but finds a shore ;
 Not on thy brow should time leave trace or token,
 Not on its sunny gleam, not on its calm ;
 Not thine the heart that love should e'er have broken,
 Too true its beat, too faithful, fond, and warm.

* * * * *

The verse that charmed me by its innate sweetness,
 That on its waves bore my rapt soul along,
 Drew from thy spirit all its rich completeness,
 And on thy lips, thrilled like a syren's song,
 No earthly air I breathed while thou wert singing,
 But subtler essence of another sphere.
 From thought to thought, with magic flashes bringing,
 The fateful truth, that thou wert far too dear.
 "Oh, fairy hour!" spanned o'er with rainbow brightness,
 Shrouded in rose-hued mist circled with bloom,
 Its trembling moments, touched with heavenly brightness,
 Whose waves were bliss, whose breath was sweet perfume;
 That hour whose birth was love, whose death was sadness,
 The white lips moved, but forth no sound must come;
 Deep down within the heart, a seething madness,
 To keep the calm brow cold, the pale lips dumb.
 Oh conflict fierce, that sunny gleam succeeding,
 As pride arose to work its loyal will,
 Crush down the heart, which shuddering, torn, and bleeding,
 Smiled to the blow-vanquished, but suffering still.

* * * * *

Yet, may we gaze on heaven, its beauty beaming,
 Its spangled stars, its altitude of blue,
 Skirted with amber, gold, and purple gleaming,
 Rob not one gem, steal not one glorious hue.

* * * * *

There is a dawn in the far orient gleaming,
 Whose rapture thrilleth while 'tis yet afar,
 Though still unknown that all pride's coldest seeming,
 But veiled a love that time can never mar.
 The flower thou gavest, when so softly blooming,
 Died all too soon, alas! it could but die;
 For scorching tears its fairy buds consuming,
 Those withered leaves in ivory casket lie.
 I read thy heart, and suffered in thy sorrow,
 Read thy fond wish to shield when woes were rife;
 Hold back the clouds that veil'd each gloomy morrow,
 And let the sun shine in upon my life.
 The bird that answered to thy soul's deep sadness,
 Liveth and singeth all too sweetly yet;
 Upon a night of life can dawn no gladness,
 Song, flower and bird defy me to forget.
 Shine on, oh star, lose not one ray of splendour,

Shine on, my life is stirless 'neath thy beam,
 Nor shalt thou win one thought a shade too tender,
 With sight restored, I wake, and 'tis a dream.

A HARVEST HYMN.

Suggested by hearing a beautiful sermon preached from the text—
 "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

The harvest is ended, the summer is past,
 And autumn must yield to bleak winter at last;
 But the grain is all garnered, then why need we fear,
 Since God's rich provision for winter is here.

* * * * *

We have gathered the fruits, we have welcomed the flowers,
 And sung with the birds, through the summer's bright hours;
 Nor winter's dark days, shall our spirits appal,
 Since his mercy and love shall encircle them all.
 God giveth the increase, our toil were in vain,
 Did his mercy not smile on the else barren plain;
 On the just and unjust his sunshine doth fall,
 Sweet type of his love that is free unto all.

Is it well with our souls in this hour of content,
 Can we gratefully muse on a summer well spent,
 A spring time of promise, a harvest of joy,
 Do psalms of thanksgiving our moments employ;
 Aloof we have stood in our coldness and pride,
 Forgetful of Him who on Calvary died.

Whose blood was our ransom, whose thorn-covered brow,
 Was pierced for our guilt, yet he pleads for us now;
 Dear suffering Saviour, Thy love is divine,
 All attributes holy and gentle are thine,
 Accept our late sorrow, receive us and bless,
 And crown our dark lives with thy pure righteousness.

We have seen thine arm, Lord, bared before us in might,
Thy lightnings appalling have flashed on our sight;
Thy thunders have rolled, yet in mercy we stood,
Unscathed by the fire, and unharmed by the flood.
Ah! what can we render for love so complete,
Prostrated and humbled we lie at Thy feet;
On this day of Thine harvest, oh Lord, may we me be,
As sheaves for thy garner accepted by Thee.

1872.

MINE.

At last! oh, at last I can claim you, in the fair open face of
the day.

At last the probation is ended, the dark clouds have drifted
away,

And the blue heaven o'er us is beaming, unveiled is the light
of the sun,

And hope paints a future all golden, as I clasp thee, my
loveliest one.

They who sundered can part us no longer, I have lived down
the slanderous lie,

Have seen it recoil on its founders till my eyes scarce for pity
were dry;

I forgave them for all the dark story, since it showed me how
true was thy love,

Showed me the heart of my darling as pure as the angels above.

Oh! the dark weary years how they lingered, ah love 'twas so
bitter to part;

But stirred with each throb of my bosom, your pictured face
slept on my heart,

And won to all noble achievements, my monitress silent and
sweet,

That cheered all the pilgrimage dreary till it ended in bliss at
your feet.

I forget we are youthful no longer, that my lock just mingling with grey,
For your brow hath a light that is holy, a light that time bears not away,
And your eyes in their beauty and softness, a tenderness learnt of the dove,
I have travelled earth round, and nought fairer have found, than the face of my love.

I spared not my steed on the journey, but bravely its length he withstood,
And I knew that the path he remembered, for he paused at the edge of the wood,
Where the laurel walk opened before me, and fluttering soft on the breeze,
I caught the white sweep of your garments through the flowering acacia trees.

Nor 'twas strange that you scarcely were startled, though you deemed me away o'er the sea,
For distance hath hardly divided and parted, my soul was with thee;
In my heart's irrepressible gladness, I had whispered my joy to the air,
Which, stirred with sweet fancies, was round me, delighted such secret to bear.

Lifted high o'er the earth in my dreaming, pondering deeply the mystical tie
That links parted souls to each other, I felt a soft zephyr sweep by;
Which, in passing, of something bereft me, then the air growing suddenly still,
Through all the moved chords of my being crept a strange undefinable thrill.

And I knew what words fail in expressing, but all who have loved can divine,
That a spark of electrical meaning had flashed from my spirit to thine;
Hence it was that I found you so troubled that you answered my greeting with tears,
Which have since wept out on my breast love, for the future we gather no fears.

We will throw back the gates of the mansion, and open each pane to the sun,
That I shrouded the night when we parted and the years of our mourning begun;
I thought of your beauty afar love, I have brought you bright jewels to wear,
Pearls that are fit for a princess, my Alice shall 'twine in her hair.

Bracelets of diamond and ruby, a necklace of turquoise and gold,

And wonders in sapphire and jasper, yon casket's bright depths shall unfold;

But your eyes: they are almost reproachful, your whispered assurance so sweet,

That my love to your heart is more precious than the jewels I lay at your feet.

For these pearls, why your white brow can shame them, your eyes the blue sapphires outshine,

And these lips they are redder than rubies, and sweeter, oh sweeter than wine;

Your face was so grave for a moment, but breaks into smiles as I sing,

How joyously out for our bridal the bells of the minster shall ring.

Like night shrouding mists of the mountain that die in the smile of the day,

So fades, in the light of your presence, from my heart all its sorrow away;

Look up—for the night hath departed, morn breaks o'er the hill tops divine,

And our hearts in one glad psalm are blending, Earth is Eden, for now—thou art mine.

MORNING AND EVENING

AT WILMSLOW CHURCH.

One of a waiting crowd I stood,
 Yet—mid them all—alone,
 Where lie the long-forgotten dead
 'Neath many a crumbling stone.
 When from the grey old tower there swells
 A sudden peal of wedding bells,
 Oh merry bells, how sweet your chime,
 How fair the scene, how dear the time,
 Oh youth, oh happy love.
 The ray of Eden clings to earth,
 Since to such hours it giveth birth,
 Hours blest in heaven above.

And slowly up the central aisle,
 How light her step, how sweet her smile,
 She comes—the lovely bride.
 Of sparkling glance, and glistening tress,
 In bright and blushing loveliness,
 All joy her steps betide.
 In sweeping robes of palest hue,
 And seen—the rich veil's lightness through,
 Dark waves of shining hair.
 Care hath not touched the pure young brow,
 The bridal wreath is binding now,
 And sweet she looks and fair.

Before the altar—streaming full,
 Yet soft, subdued, and beautiful
 Falls fair the crimson light.
 I leave them kneeling in its glow,
 Sure life were sweet, if never woe
 Could break a dream so bright.

* * * * *

Not all of light had the sky forsook,
 Invited by the solemn bell,
 My steps the mourning pathway took,
 Awed by that slow impressive swell.
 Again the churchyard path I trod,
 But what a change was there ;
 Then brightly o'er it's hallowed sod,

OAK FARM, NEAR CHEADLE, CHESHIRE.

The dear old home, how fair it stands—the same green trees
around

As when our childish footsteps trod what now seems fairy ground ;
Its dewy meadows, stretching far, in emerald light unrolled ;
Its cornfields touched by sunset rays to seas of living gold ;
Its garden paths, its grassy lawns, where lightly sped the hours,
To bid the bending branches yield their wealth of fruits and
flowers.

The circling seat where rose in pride the pear trees straight and
tall,

Which when May's fairy fingers wove her beauteous robe for all,
When every spray was rich with bloom as lovely, pure, and fair
As the robes which for one dreamy hour a happy bride may wear.
Twin orange trees that o'er the walk their snowy petals shed,
Which from the gates, through beds of flowers, to the front
entrance led ;

Your haunting perfumes cast a spell o'er all the lapsing years,
Whose joys were few, whose smiles have been outnumbered far
by tears.

The old well near the meadow path, where daisy stars were bright,
And every flower the turf could yield was wreathed in wild
delight ;

Then gave the happy waters back enmirrored, clear and fair,
Young brows no trace of thought that bore, bright eyes and
sunny hair.

I would not stand upon that spot for all the world could give :
I could not bear the thronging rush of memories and live.
Ah, me ! I find no violets now that match in scent and hue
Those which along the dear old lanes in happy childhood grew.
And she who on her fair brow wore the matron's honoured crown,
Has drunk of sorrow's bitterest cup unto its deep dregs down :
Whose ebony tresses then could shame the raven's glossy wing,
Though silvery threads are mingling now, earth holds no dearer
thing ;

Within the velvet of whose eyes a fair bright spirit shone,
I only knew in those far days 'twas sweet to look upon :
Lit at the deathless source of light that shines in worlds above,
Which blesses earth and peoples heaven—unchanged eternal love :
Soft eyes that o'er my childhood watched with fond untiring care,
And lips whose blessing softly said was sweet as uttered prayer.
Dearer, and yet more dear, as Time the avenger swiftly flies,
Ye winds that sweep o'er miles of space ere one brief moment dies,

Could I arrest ye in your flight a blessing ye should bear,
 And lay it soft as angels' touch upon that silvering hair.
 The white walls gleam, the old oaks stand the sweet flowers
 bloom and die,
 And shineth still as erst it shone o'er all the same blue sky;
 And hope, sweet hope, speaks fondly yet—ah! who life's ills could
 bear
 Did not her angel whispers still the promptings of despair?
 At night she singeth of the morn, and through the wintry hours
 Of joys that shall spring forth to greet the birthdays of the
 flowers.

REMOVING.

Far in the past the old homestead stands,
 Furnished and altered by stranger hands;
 They have cut the vine to the porch that clung,
 And the parlour window so sweetly hung
 With clematis and passion flower.

Naked and bare they have laid to view,
 And rubbed the walls to a rosier hue;
 And the old life now is lost in the new—
 For change is our earthly dower.

The new life friends have smilingly met,
 And its sun in a bluer sky seems set;
 Adown its vista's shine fairer flowers,
 And lovelier scenes and happier hours.
 And yet

Sad are the thoughts which silently creep
 Into the heart where old memories sleep,
 And surges of sorrow within me sweep
 Of passionate, wild regret.

I will grieve no more has oft been said;
 I will let the dead past bury its dead;
 The skies of the future all cloudless lean;
 The past shall be as it never had been—
 Buried and out of sight.

When the tone of a voice, or the scent of a flower
 Or the glow of the sky in its loveliest hour,
 Or a bird in the gloaming whose song hath power
 Can raise it into the light,

Deeply within us a chord lies still
Which the winds of memory touch at will :
And the answer comes in a ring of pain
More keen than we thought to know again :
Each fibre in agony thrills.

By a strain of music faintly heard
Can the soul to its innermost depths be stirred ;
The dead years live at a voice or a word
With spectre-crowded hills.

But the carpets are down and the curtains hung,
And the restless baby to sleep is sung ;
Pausing to wipe his heated brow,
Father smilingly says it looks home-like now :
What a bustling weary day.

But the glance to the grandsire's chair that he steals,
A tear on the furrowed cheek reveals,
That old ties are strong in that heart he feels,
And in silence he turns away.

"What is home?" should you ask the old man now,
From his trembling hands he will raise his brow,
And falteringly say, THAT was home to him,
Where he lived from youth till his sight was dim.
Till the trees in the grounds grew dear.

The sweep of river, the reach of sky,
The mossy bank where the sunbeams lie,
And the spire through the green woods white and high,
He has loved them many a year.

"Ask the happy wife," by her husband's side,
Her soft eyes lift in a glance of pride,
While in earnest tones will her lips aver—
That all places on earth are as one to her,
So he she loves be there.

God grant her this, she can brave the rest ;
Mountain or valley, each were best,
Though oceans round her fling wild unrest,
For his sake are all places fair.

"Ask baby now," of the cherry lip and the sunny brow,
 The prince of the house, to whom all must bow ;
 Jewels hath he, for his teeth are pearls,
 But his beauty's crown are the chesnut curls
 On the white brow clustering low.

Ere the words can come he is closely pressed,
 A nestling sweet to his mother's breast,
 Where is all of heaven or home or rest
 His little heart would know.

HOME IS WHERE ARE THEY who love us best ;
 Where the wearied spirit may turn for rest.
 There are blessings found, be they palace halls
 In their stately grace, or cottage walls
 Where happy children be.

What a creed were LOVE for the world to learn ;
 How the smiling angels would earthward turn ;
 But life's deep riddle can none discern,
 Until death shall bring the key.

UNFORGOTTEN. TO E.J.D.

'Tis to wile thy heart from grieving that I lay my bosom bare ;
 See its wounds are unannealed and the scars yet fester there.
 I too have walked in sorrow, with faint unwilling feet,
 To the shore beside the river, where death and life must meet ;
 Yet I thought by prayer and weeping I might win stern
 Azazel o'er ;
 Till with upward pointing finger he bade me plead no more.
 I had told him life were cheerless, void and barren, bleak and
 bare ;
 Should he take the angel from me I had sheltered unaware ;
 That its paths would be a desert, along whose arid way
 No flower would ever brighten, no stream would ever stray,
 For the babe upon my bosom was as precious in my sight
 As to Saharah's pilgrim the mirage gleaming bright.
 He can see cool waters sparkle where its bubbling fountains play ;
 He can trace the shady windings where his burning feet would
 stray :
 But in vain its stately glories stand mirror'd in the tide ;
 In vain through banks of beauty its lucid waters glide ;

Too soon the vision fadeth, and the desert stretches on,
 Its weary miles unnumbered darker now that dream is gone.
 On his brow grew no relenting, though his voice had pity's tone ;
 "Too fair for earthly garden bath thy heart's sweet blossom grown,
 Where harps are softly swelling and choral voices rise ;
 There, there shall be her dwelling above beyond the skies."
 Then a trembling faintness seized me, for the barque drew near
 the shore,—

The barque that came to sever me and mine for evermore.
 How I clasped her closer—closer—but to see her pass away,
 And to know death's night had ended in a purer brighter day.
 Ah ! the smile she gave at parting lingered on her dead lip still ;
 Heart-moving in its sweetness beyond death's power to kill.

I had reared a fairy dwelling in the nature's golden hours ;
 Had looked a-down fair vistas, on banks enlined with flowers :
 Here I thought to lead my darling far from the world's rough
 ways,

To learn her words of wisdom, and teach her songs of praise ;
 But she knew the voice that called her, and the land is lovelier
 far,

By her angel footsteps travelled than earth's storm swept
 pathways are.

She sleeps beneath a willow, near an old town by the sea ;
 Where proud ships come to anchor, and the breeze blows fresh
 and free :

There the loving ivy clingeth though no marble marks the spot.
 In **ONE** heart she liveth ever, she shall never be forgot ;
 'Tis her mother's love undying that enclasps the grassy sod,
 Where her darling sweetly sleeping waits the trumpet call of God.

* * * * *

And of heaven's love and pity since that too sad of yore,
 A baby-head lies pillowed where hers may lie no more ;
 But her eye hath not the lustre, nor her lip the tender tone,
 Or her brow the breadth and sweetness of another fairer one.
 YET she came as comes the dawning when the night hath stayed
 too long,

As through the silence thrilleth the sweetness of a song,
 Or a burst of glad bright sunshine from a sky with clouds hung
 o'er,

Or words of love and feeling from a heart deemed cold before.
 Oh, her presence leameth brightness and her baby-voice is sweet,
 And like music softly falling through one home her tiny feet.

'Tis with blue eyes wonder widened she heareth of a day
When her sister took a journey to a land far, far away ;
A land whose fountains fail not—a land whose fields are fair,
Where sin no entrance findeth, nor grief broods darky there ;
A land of light and beauty, of blooms that cannot fade ;
A home of many mansions that God's dear love hath made.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The air is stirred with whisperings sweet,
And mirthful sounds fill the sunny rooms,
And dainty falling of fairy feet,
And faint sweet odours of orange blooms,
Comes the bride in her beauty, and fair she seems
As the forms that live in a poet's dreams.

Crown her with flowers, she is young and fair ;
For jewels, her dark eyes sparkling sheen,
The rose of love she to-day shall wear,
And light will stay where her smile hath been :
While their beauty shines in the summer bowers,
For the bride's fair brow let the crown be flowers.

Pearls well might match its snowy gleam
Mid the smooth bright braids of that ebon hair,
But flowers, sweet flowers, like herself they seem,—
As softly bright, as freshly fair
In her pure white robes as she treads the aisle,
Her heart divides in a sigh and smile.

The sigh for the love which hath fondly clung
In joy and sorrow—her life's sweet dower,
Whose tender light o'er her youth hath hung,
And blesseth her now in her bridal hour :
The sigh for the old love, tried and true,
But hope's sweet smile for the proud, the new.

A low breathed blessing grows into prayer,
As from the altar she turns away ;
Love's circling band on her hand to wear,
Be her life as bright as a sunny day,
Whose eve's soft radiance may round her throw
A grace its morning could not know.

Ring on, glad bells, it hath echo sweet
 In every breast what ye blithely tell ;
 It can stir the pulse to a quicker beat,
 And hold the heart in a fairy spell,
 As creation old is love's tale we know,
 Eve heard it in Eden long, long ago.

There are woes in the world—may she know them not ;
 And aching hearts—may her own be light,
 And her happy home be that hallowed spot
 Where hope's fulfilment makes sweet delight ;
 And every joy be it hers to know
 Which can fall from heaven to the earth below.

WELCOME TO ALBERT VICTOR, THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WALES.

'The new year's glad advent had scarcely been sounded,
 By joy-pealing bells over mountain and vale ;
 Still mansion and cot with gay laughter resounded,
 And sweet music softened the bleak wintry gale.

* * * * *
 And swift in its track there came voices of blessing—
 "A nation's glad shout on the song-laden air,"
 For the noble young mother, her sweet babe caressing,
 What heart could unmoved glance at vision so fair ?
 Oh, joy without limit, oh rapturous pleasure ;
 Her first-born, her beautiful pressed to her heart,
 And holy the gentle tears shed o'er her treasure,
 As a mother's rich blessing her sweet lips impart ;

* * * * *
 And she [the loved mourner] this happy releasing
 From sorrow's dark bond that her spirit impressed.
 Oh, now may she feel that his wisdom unceasing,
 Has granted this boon to her grief-stricken breast,

* * * * *
 For as childhood's sweet presence, oh, what so alluring ;
 Its tendrils close turning unseen round the heart ;
 A cheerful submission, a deep peace procuring,
 While FAITH upward glancing bids sorrow depart ;
 And bright be his father's high footsteps before him,
 A beacon through life's stormy breakers to guide.

And guardian angels bend radiantly o'er him,
While sweetly he sleeps by his fond mother's side.

COME BACK.

It gave not birth the mountain land
Whose torrents round thee foam ;
Thy feet have pressed a dearer strand,
Whose blessed name is home.

Thy mother's eyes have glistening wept
O'er every treasured line ;
Thy mother's heart its welcome kept
Through all for thee and thine.

Thou, darling of her youthful years,
When light her step and fleet,
When shone few eyes so bright as hers,
And sang no voice so sweet.

And now, though silvery threads are bright
Among her raven hair,
Her eyes still beam the old sweet light
Thine own have seen them wear.

Thou wilt find the brows lined o'er with care,
That once were fair to see ;
And the flowers we said thy breast should wear
Have withered on the tree.

And some who on thy love had claim,
Have from earth's changes flown :
Thy lips will falter o'er the name
On many a funeral stone.

But with knee to earth, and faith whose wing
Can reach heaven's highest blue,
We smile to think what age can bring,
And dare what fate can do.

Come, ere Old England's woods have lost
Their deep autumnal green ;
Or angry waves are tempest tossed,
Which flow the lands between.

We will cheer thy heart and chide thy tears,
Till o'er their vanished track
New hope shall crown the unborn years :
Come back, oh love, come back.

The sun streamed full and fair,
 But now on silent field and hill
 The coming night hung gray and chill,
 And grief was in the air.

No merry crowd, no bridal train ;
 But a sight of woe, and sounds of pain,
 As slowly winding up the lane,
 The funeral cortege came.

Now pausing at the outer gate,
 The white-robed pastor to await,
 Of loved and honoured name.

Oh solemn words, and fitly said,
 Above the cold unconscious dead,
 And surely of their promise born,
 And of the resurrection morn,

Some ray of comfort must have sped
 Unto their hearts, who for the dead

Wept, and would not be comforted ;
 Borne slowly, sadly from the door,
 Her gentle eyes shall see no more,
 Where yawns the grave so lone and deep,
 Yet in its depths the weary sleep ;
 Who shall a mother's place supply ?
 Her's is a love that cannot die,

Peril and pain its strength shall prove.
 'Tis the nearest tie on the earth beneath,
 The first to live, the last to breathe ;
 Naught holier dwells in God's heaven above
 Than a mother's tender, unchanging love.
 Digressive thought, the words are said,
 With slower step, more reverent tread,

And ah ! what change is rife
 Across the self-same threshold borne,
 Where passed that youthful bride this morn,
 In warm exulting life.

* * * * *

Oh rosy morn of joy and pride,
 Oh sad and solemn eventide,
 Oh lapsing time and fleeting breath,
 Oh mystery of life and death,

Who shall your secret learn ?
 Who shall unlock the icy door,
 To ask of those who went before,

"Something"—to still the yearning pain,
 Which fills our longing hearts in vain
 For those, earth gives not back again,
 Or whom your depths discern.
 We only know they come no more,
 Who seek the dreaded voiceless shore,
 And life and love resign.
 The mind shrinks baffled from the thought,
 By death alone is knowledge bought,
 Eternal and divine.
 To chide our tears, no sound is heard,
 Nor wildest prayer brings whispered word,
 Death keeps its secret well.
 Yet hath the grave its victory lost?
 A Saviour's blood the fearful cost;
 He its dread power could quell.
 Grief to my heart struck cold and chill;
 Sure life is framed of good and ill,
 Of sweet and solemn hours.
 Though all around is wintry gloom,
 To the longing earth sweet spring shall come,
 With buds that promise flowers;
 And hope usurping sorrow's reign
 Shall spread its genial ray;
 Oh, may they meet in heaven again,
 Beyond all sorrow, tears, and pain;
 Who part on earth to-day:
 Slowly and sad I left the spot.
 Ah, when shall grief be all forgot?
 No moon yet lights yon ebony sky,
 And the river floweth silently.
 Descend, oh night, and like a pall,
 In shrouding darkness cover all;
 Yet do we know thou hidest not
 From God's all-seeing eye.

The marriage alluded to was that of Miss Jennison, of Fulshaw. The funeral of a mother who was followed to the grave by nine of her children.

FOR EVER.

Oh, hast thou forgotten the days that are fled,
 Whose roses are withered, whose beauty is dead?

ONCE I would see thee, ere life shall depart;
 Hear one kind word arise to thy lip from thy heart.
 Softly there comes through the echoing air,
 Sweeter than love and less sad than despair,
 A voice, and it whispers life brighter would be
 For one clasp of the hand and one kind word from thee.

* * * * *

Ah! in that far land where thou sojournest yet,
 Can the birds and the blossoms not teach to forget?
 Should the moon's silver gleam on the lakelet's calm breast
 Whisper but of an eve whose wild waters unrest
 Were flushed with the crimson and gold of the west.
 Hath life no high aim which might brighten each hour,
 For good or for evil, how great is thy power:
 Oh waste not thy manhood's best years in regret;
 Believe me, 'tis kindest and best to forget.

LOST.

Back to the river's verge
 Through intervening hours,
 When life was like a fabled land
 Whose paths were bright with flowers.

Back to the sunny spot
 Where happy childhood played;
 Through all life's tears it faded not,
 The light those hours had made.

For sealed with a secret seal
 Doth the untried future lie;
 But thought can roam o'er the traversed path
 'Neath youth's unclouded sky.

And hopes in their dawning sweet
 Are lost in the mist of years;
 And a tangled path hath my wearied feet,
 My heart its anguished tears.

Oh youth, oh fleeting youth,
 Whose pure thoughts soar so high,
 While the heart hath faith and the lip hath truth
 Green earth and sunny sky.

As an army arrayed for fight
The young heart's forces stand ;
While a rainbow gildeth with hues of light
The paths of the unknown land.

How high the proud hearts beat ;
How strong the pulses flow ;
While merry voice and impatient feet
Call the winged hours too slow.

And what beauty its strength can win,
Erect in bannered pride,
Ere the trumpet sound that the strife begin,
Or the red blood floweth wide.

Spell-bound in the rose-hued air,
Which breathes o'er that battle plain,
Is a wreath that the victor brow may wear.
And a love which shall ease all pain.

And far as his thought can grasp,
A sunset eve lies bright,
Where his hand which his own doth so fondly enclasp
Loveth and leadeth aright.

Or a ship that so proudly sailed
By a seaward breeze impelled,
O'er struggles the bravest, the storm prevailed,
And her lofty pride was quelled.

Her snowy decks were soiled,
And her mast no banner bore ;
Noble the efforts stern fate hath foiled,
And that flag shall be proud no more.

And some who in life's bright morn
Went forth when the sun was high,
How wearily after the day was worn
Came home at eve to die.

Youth's bright star set in night,
Its sweet hopes quenched in tears,
And naught but memory's living light
To brighten the unborn years;

And falling are the shades of night,
While my thoughts such wanderers are,
They are bearing me now in a mystic flight
To a chapel yard afar.

'Tis a loved and lovely spot,—
 Serenely, sweetly fair;
 And though storied marble that grave hath not,
 Yet the rose blooms brightly there.

Oh blest in thy lowly bed,
 Beyond the seething strife,
 Beyond the reach of the tempest's tread,
 Beyond the shores of life.

To us who are left behind
 To weep such bitter tears;
 To us the aching of hearts bereaved,
 To us the joyless years.

Pillowed on loving hearts,
 Thy memory liveth yet;
 And shall ever live until life departs;
 For the faithful ne'er forget.

One star in the western heaven
 Hath a glance so wildly free:
 Is it a gleam from thy brightness riven,
 That it speaks to my soul of thee?

Then let death come sudden and soon,
 Or lingering long or late,
 Sorrow hath swept like a wild simoom,
 Till no darker leaf hath fate.

Still following the day comes night,
 And after labour rest,
 And a thorny way may have ending bright,
 But God! he knoweth best.

GOD GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Yes, we have lost her, our comforter, never too sad to smile:
 If from a bosom in sorrow her sympathy woe could beguile,
 Lost her for earth's for ever, until time for us is no more:
 Though we mourn her with grief unceasing, nor grief nor tears
 can restore.

Sadly, oh sadly, we miss her, and the love which around her grew;
 For what breast so fond as a mother's—what heart so tender
 and true:

Though the world may scorn and forsake us, one voice will
 whisper and save ;
 The light of one clear eye shineth from the cradle to the grave.
 We lay her in silence and sorrow, where the old church casteth a
 shade ;
 Fit emblems of life are the blossoms which now on her coffin are
 laid,
 Gathered in freshness and beauty to die on her faithful breast ;
 Here where her infancy wandered, weary she cometh to rest.
 Gray walls that o'ershadow her slumbers, how silent and stern
 ye stand,
 While we pass each soul to its summons, to the rest of the silent
 land ;
 Mocking life's brief endeavour, the dumb and the senseless stone
 Outlasting its fitful fever, which is but as a breath that is blown,
 Or a mist of the darkness engendered, which the sun's first glance
 can dispel ;
 Or a blossom whose wondrous sweetness by our loss we can
 measure well :
 Ours is the present only—the day ere its shadows are flown—
 What the dawning shall bring us we know not, to-morrow is
 God's alone.
 Love is strong, and parting is bitter, let us closer and fondly
 cling,
 Until time—sweet soother of sorrow—brings calm on its healing
 wing ;
 Keeping the truths she taught us, not unconsoled shall we weep,
 For we know, and the thought gives comfort, God giveth his
 loved ones sleep,

THE LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

(1856.)

I watched them still through life's declining years,
 As time—remorseless time—sped swiftly on,
 Leaving deep impress on each furrowed brow,
 And silvering locks that once full brightly shone ;
 An aged couple, bent with toil and years,
 Treading with faltering steps life's downward way,
 Calming with patient love each other's fears,
 Longing yet fearing to be called away.

* * * * *

I sought them in the valley where their home was mantled o'er
 With bright leaved ivy green and fair arching o'er pane and door;
 And sweetly o'er the old grey porch the graceful woodbine twined
 In many a fair and clustering wreath, to charm the poet mind;
 A scene to touch a loving heart that low-roofed shaded home,
 More fair to me than stately hall or proud palatial dome.
 Beloved each noble arching tree, each sweet and simple flower,
 To me its hidden tale revealed at eve's soul-soothing hour;
 Yet now I passed regardless on, for grief my soul beguiled,
 And yielding to prophetic fears my heart grew sick and wild;
 And gaining now the open door, I paused with bated breath,
 For a nameless voice within me whispering told of pain and
 [death.]

How painful the sequel, with bitterness filled
 Was the cup which the lone-stricken weeper must drain,
 For the voice that had soothed her in sorrow was stilled,
 All fettered and frozen by death's icy chain.

Oh, seems it not sad while thus severed are ties,
 And hearts which together so closely entwined,
 That each flower blooms as fair, and as bright are the skies,
 As though hope had not fled the lone weepers behind.

Her tottering step and stooping frame, and pale and wrinkled
 [brow,

Are ill prepared to meet the storm that shocks her spirit now:
 The setting sun streams richly down on hill and flowery lea,
 The last upon this changing earth I her aged eyes may see.

Long ere the rosy morning broke upon the waking world,
 Death's shadowy veil was round her thrown, his banner wide
 [unfurled,

A sweet smile round her cold lips played, as if some vision fair
 Had flashed upon her dying sight, and left its beauty there.

Disconsolate mourner, full deep is thy rest,
 Thy fluttering heart is now stilled in thy breast,
 Thy sorrows are ended, thy pilgrimage o'er;
 Thou art clasped in reunion on Canaan's bright shore.

No more for thee shall spring's sweet flowers arise,
 Nor summer's verdure to thy sight be given,
 Nor autumn's golden footsteps bid thee rise,
 Nor winter's social joys may win thy soul from heaven.

Nor round thy grave hath wealth its lustre shed;
 No costly marble decks thy narrow bed;

A simple headstone marks thy place of rest,
And planted there the flowers thou lovedst best.

We ne'er shall forget thee, sweet mother and friend,
With affection's sweet reverence thy couch we will tend,
But no longer we'll mourn thee, though lonely we roam,
'Twere sin to deplore thee, for heaven's thy home.

Thou, too, gentle father, to memory dear,

Are thy words of sweet counsel, thy deeds full of love :
Sweet solace it shall be to think of thee here ;

And to meet thee at last in the mansions above.

Thy dearest theme the praise and love of God's incarnate son ;
A follower thou in faith and truth of the meek and lowly one ;
And oh, though oft reviled of men, how rich thy sweet reward :
A crown of gold, a life of bliss in Christ thy living Lord.

And many a sunny eve we spend by that secluded grave,
While o'er us as in sympathy the branches gently wave :
There wounded memory oft recalls what time hath softened o'er ;
The scathing wound our hearts that mourned for the loved ones
[gone before.

W O N .

I have called thee to-night from the dance, love,
While the music yet floateth afar ;
I would shew thee my heart in the silence
Of night and her sentinel star.

There's a home that lies fair in the valley,
From storms of the mountain all free ;
Of its meadows and dark-waving woodlands
The beautiful queen thou shalt be.

And I, though the winter be dreary,
Or summer fall fair from above,
Will but ask as my precious rewarding
Thy smiles for a lifetime of love.

Thy hand, how it trembles in mine, love ;
O'er the world is a joy mantle thrown,
And darling, my life shall repay thee,
That promise hath made thee my own.

ON VISITING MIDDLETON CHURCH,

MAY 19th, 1872.

Late wandering on thy green hill side, and through thine
hallowed fane,

Sweet thoughts of thee o'ermastering rise again and oft again.

Ah, well and bravely hast thou borne thy weight of hoary years:
To look on thee will move the heart and fill the eye with tears.

I marked the organ's swelling tone, the sweet-voiced choral train.

The arching roof, the feet-worn floor, the richly-tinted pane,—

Where are the hands which reared thy walls, the feet that
pressed thy sod;

The hearts that worshipped at thy shrine, thou holy house
of God?

~~They come~~ not up the hill side path, they speak not to our call;

~~In vain~~ our yearning gaze shall seek,—the grave hath whelmed
them all:

We know not of the things they loved, the names in life they
bore;

But we know the homes that knew them once may know them
now no more.

Tread gently through the place of graves, a whisper from the sod

Answers unto the questioning soul, mortal—there is a God.

"Ye read it in the changing skies and in the summer flowers,

The rosy morn, the noon-tide calm, and dewy evening hours,

The thunder's roll, the lightning's flash, the ocean's mighty
wave;"

Ye feel it best and know it most beside the mouldering grave.

A name arrests my lingering step, new on the storied stone.

The name of one whose kindly deeds are well and widely known:

It needed not the record here, the land has felt his power,

And named him as a man of men, and born for peril's hour.

Ah, worthier ~~he~~ than they who wield the sceptre—wear the
crown;

Slander's envenomed shafts assailed, nobly he lived them down.

His country's weal before him lay—far flashing like a star,

How firm he stood in freedom's fight, while dungeon gates unbar;

What though his warm heart beats no more, and cold in death
his brow,

The things his prophet-eye foresaw plead for his wisdom now.

Ah, peace unto thine honoured dust beside the well-loved shrine,

The name with rising heart I trace is noble Bamford thine.

Sweet silence fills the holy place, a hush is on the air,
As meek-eyed peace, on brooding wing, divinely rested there.
One grave I saw, where some fond hand a flowering wreath had
placed ;
How like a gleam of light and love upon some treeless waste.
I noted not who slept beneath the dreamless sleep of death,
But felt in every thrilling sense, love, love outlasteth breath.
It bends above the silent dust with blessing in its prayer ;
All faults are hid, and acts of love alone are remembered there.
Wood, vale, and stream are glowing in the sunset's golden beam,
The blue hills in the distance lie all lovely as a dream :
I leave thee with reluctant feet, a charm is round thee spread ;
A glory from the vanished years, lone dwelling of the dead.

THE LOST AT SEA.

Washed by the waves on the shore he came,
Helplessly drifting, oh ! say from where ;
Deep in the ocean lies buried his name ;
Vainly, too vainly, we seek for it there.
Thickly threaded with silver his once bright hair,
In clustering beauty that shaded his brow ;
Where are the fingers, so fond and so fair,
That smoothed it so gently ? oh, where are they now ?
Closed are the dark eyes that once beamed so kindly ;
Silent the lips whose sweet music was love ;
Truly we pray that, not rashly or blindly,
Sought he a fate, sad all others above.
Sadly we think of the friends that are weeping,
And chiding his absence all gently the while ;
Far, far from their love he so calmly lies sleeping,
No more shall he gladden fond hearts with his smile.
And oh, the dark traces of grief's cruel fingers,
Deep on his marble brow dented are seen,
Yet a halo of brightness around him still lingers,
Reluctant to leave where such beauty hath been.
Hallowed the sod where we laid him in sorrow ;
God, give them comfort, poor mourners that be ;
For him no rising, no dawning, no morrow ;
Gather the stricken ones, Father, to Thee.

Sleep thou in peace, and the spring's early roses,
 By fair children gathered, shall bloom on thy grave,
 To scatter their sweets where the stranger reposes,
 And gracefully o'er thee the willow shall wave.

L O N G A G O .

Only a line of an old, old song, yet such power had its sweet
 refrain,
 That it charmed from the years their shadows back, and I trod
 youth's earth again,
 Where bright, unshadowed by a cloud, lay life's young spring
 tide glow—
 When eyes were bright, and hearts were light, in the happy long
 ago.
 Ah, life, seen by youth's hopeful sight, how fair thy valleys
 gleam,
 What promise crowns thy flowery hills, bright sun and glancing
 stream;
 What silver moons light up thy nights, what stars above them
 shine—
 Rosy and beautiful and bright, what fairy worlds are thine.
 Oh! but to breathe the spring's sweet breath beside the
 meadow stream,
 Where many a sweet hope had its birth, and many a fond day
 dream;
 While yet the skies were blue and bright, while yet the flowers
 were fair,
 The sweet birds sang, the greenwoods rang, and fragrance filled
 the air;
 And scenes that long oblivious lay, flash o'er their hidden track,
 O'er the dead leaves that shroud the past, treads memory softly
 back;
 We feel the clasp of heart-warm hands, we hear the tuneful flow
 Of lips that made, through shine and shade, sweet music "long
 ago."
 Where feathery chesnuts fringed the lane, and strawberry blooms
 were spread,
 Was a garden seat, on a velvet lawn, with a pear tree overhead;
 On two that lingered beneath its shade the summer sunlight fell,
 For June had robed the glowing earth in hues too bright to tell.

Only a rosebud, wild and sweet, that June's bright sun had
kissed,
In thoughtless mood from the hedgerow plucked, where its
sweetness ne'er was missed ;
He little deemed his careless gift—a frail and fading flower—
Would cast a gleam, like sunset's beam, o'er many a sorrowing
hour.

And they who parted in youth's bright hours, beneath the pear
tree shade,
Are treading widely-severed paths a-down life's chequered glade ;
Oh ! long lost years, the tide rolls on, mid all its ebb and flow,
Undreamed of now, a broken vow, in " The old sweet long ago."

And some depart who come not back through all the weary year,
We speak in whispers, faint and low, the names we hold so dear ;
Nor may we seek our loved and lost where living roses bloom,
Dead lilies rest on the pulseless breast in the cold and silent
tomb.

Ah, Death, the fell bereaver, steals upon the love-watched fold,
And marks the fairest first to lie beneath the churchyard mould ;
He sets the smile upon the lip, leaves stillness in the hair,
But he quails before the brow's deep calm, the seal of Heaven is
there.

Our kisses fall on lip and brow, and tears like summer rain,
But death's sweet sleep is all too deep, and wrecks not of our pain ;
Yet faith hath nobler, keener sight, and sees beyond the veil
A land of light, a land so bright, the glittering stars seem pale,

Where angels take with tenderness our lost unto their care,
And we hear their anthem welcome through the stilly midnight
air ;

Yes, graveyard shadows cloud the light, and life has lost its glow,
The charm of youth, the love and truth, that blessed it long ago.

O'er early hopes, o'er tear-bathed graves, the wintry snow
wreathes fall,

But spring's sweet blooms above them rise, bursting from earth's
dark thrall,

And buds along the dear old paths for stranger hands will blow
Where erst had bloomed, in years entombed, the flowers of long
ago.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

Wearily, painfully wending
Home through the cold and rain,
Toil but with midnight ending,
Heart full of direst pain.
Yet fair to the eye and youthful,
That form that lay shivering there—
Brow that could be but truthful,
Rich masses of raven hair.

Eyes in their mournful splendour,
Like those of the sweet gazelle,
Flashing, yet sad and tender,
Oh, who can their beauty tell?
Lips in their palid sweetness,
Like the chisell'd marble stone,
Owning in love the sweetness
Of chastenings from the throne.

Slender fingers are aching,
Eyes in their teardrops swim,
Trusting young heart is breaking,
All but her faith grows dim.
Her faith in his power and glory,
Who looks on the world below,
Sees the wicked in age grow heary,
While virtue lies trodden low.

Thou in thy princely dwelling,
A sister by human tie,
Whose fair cheek pales at the telling
Of scenes that must shock the eye.
Flinging from jewelled fingers
Thy gold for earth's lawbles fair,
If good in thy heart still lingers,
Look thou at the misery there.

Wealth for a purpose lent thee,
With a wise and holy view,
On a mission of love God sent thee,
Be th ento thy spirit true.

List to the praiseful murmurs
From pallid lips that fall ;
Jesus, her song's sweet burden ;
Jesus, her all in all.

When the light of thy joy shall bless me,
Dear mother, in Heaven so long,
While yet thy arms caress me,
We will join in the angels' song.
In the song that is ever ringing
Round the bright and glorious throne
Of him (of whom) angels singing,
Say "Thou art the Holy One."

How fierce are the pangs that rend me,
For hunger is hard to bear ;
Oh, when will my Saviour send me
The mandate to meet him there ?
Oh ! hasten the summons, my Father,
The valley is dark and drear,
And I long with the blest to gather,
In the light of Thy Heavenly sphere.

Oh, surely some harp is thrilling
My soul with its holy strain,
And light seems my chamber filling—
Farewell to this scene of pain.

Softly as falls the eyelids,
O'er eyes that have watched too long,
Came death to the gentle mourner,
And ended her plaintive song.

Now clothed in a seraph's beauty,
Swelling the chorus sweet,
She is bearing her crown and duty
To its home at her Saviour's feet.



P A R T E D .

I love to see the sun decline beyond the hills afar,
To linger for the advent of each brightly-beaming star ;
But to-night my thoughts I cannot chain, they roam from star
and sun

To the distant roof that shelters thee, my sweet, my absent one.

'Tis the hour of rest, and I think I see a tear-drop in thine eye,
And a quiver tremble on thy lip, and from thy heart a sigh ;
For e'er their cheeks the pillow press, companions of thy play,
Their mother's kiss falls lightly down, but thine is far away.

When night's dark curtain falls around, and sleep asserts her
sway,

Bidding the careworn sons of toil forget the weary day ;
Ah ! then, when none my tears can see how bitterly they flow,
That thou and I apart should dwell ; but God hath willed it so.

And when like touch of angel wing comes balmy sleep to me,
My dreams bring gladness back again, for, oh, they are of thee ;
And bright the visions of delight, and dear the fleeting joy,
For once again, in fancy's land, I clasp my blue-eyed boy.

I lay my hand upon his head, and read within his eyes—
So bright and full of soul, and light and blue as summer skies,
A world of promise, rich and sweet, to gild my future hours
With all that dutious love may bring to crown life's path with
flowers.

Of the dim, mysterious future, hope brings sunny dreams to me
Of a home where all but peace and love far, far away shall flee ;
And of the love that lavishly I gave with fondest care,
Its glad return of tenderness shall smile to bless me there.

It may be that this quenchless love burns with a deeper glow
Because a father's tender care my child can never know ;
A father's hand may never rest in blessing, on his hair,
Nor a father's prayerful guidance lead him safe through every
snare.

I have other children dear to me, and some are far away,
With new and holy ties that fling round life a cheering ray ;
I pray that God will crown and bless for them each opening
morn ;
But my heart, in yearning fondness, cries for thee, my youngest
born.

A L O N E .

INSCRIPTION COPIED FROM THE CHESHIRE DIRECTORY.

"Under this stone rest the remains of Mr Samuel Johnson, afterwards ennobled with the grander title of Lord Flame, who, after having in his life, distinct from other men by the eccentricities of his genius, chose to retain the same character after his death, and was, at his own desire, buried here, May 5th, 1773, aged 82."

GAWSWORTH, CHESHIRE.

You mount the rustic style, and tread where drooping branches
wave,

To find your wandering footsteps stayed, arrested by a grave ;
Upon the green and wooded slope, anear the quiet lane,
Where all sweet sounds invade the spot, and peace holds blissful
reign.

Thou sleepest here, who loved, in life, to list the warblings wild,
While children's tones brought back the time when thou, too,
wert a child ;

A happy, careless, laughing child, no thought beyond the hour,
Whose dancing step, and waving tress, were youth's all
gracious dower.

And sprung glad hopes within thy heart to greet the summer
time ;

Nature, in every changing mood, or simple bleak sublime ;
Here, where she sweetly smileth, in green vale and flowering
tree,

Far from the city's rush and roar, meet that thy home should be.

Here hast thou found oblivion sweet, from every earthly ill,
From love's unfaith, from friendship's change, from doubts that
chide and chill ;

Life's eddying waves may wildly toss, thy barque hath gained
the shore,

Its fiercest storms break not thy rest, its cares perplex no more.

'Twere surely sweet in spring to stray, the fern clad banks beside,
While o'er the heart resistless swept of thought the o'ermastering
tide ;

To trace the violet by its scent—the sweetest spring e'er gave—
To the mossy sheltered nook, alike its birthplace and its grave.

When falls upon the enraptured ear the voice of bird and bee ;
When the south wind whispers through the leaves on every
blooming tree ;

When the pure soft air is sweet to breathe, and green the waving
bowers,

It seemeth sad thy head should be laid lower than the flowers.

But life hath its despairing hours, lit by no ray divine,
When from the darkly frowning Heaven the sun disdains to
shine;

When drooping flowers forget to bloom, and weary birds to sing,
And hope's bright angel softly folds her weak and tired wing.

And life seems but a robe of pain, and death a blessed thing,
When the wind, which round the homestead sweeps, bears in its
wailing lone

Echoes of voices death hath hushed, of joys for ever flown.

To seek thy grave in sorrow's hour—how must we envy thee

Thy quiet bed and dreamless sleep, beneath the embowering tree;

I saw it when the autumnal fruits in ripening clusters hung,

In rich abundance from the hand of the great Giver flung.

Such scenes of beauty breathing peace, lay spread beneath the sky,

As ~~but~~ all else but holy thoughts from the full bosom fly.

From waving corn fields yet unreaped was shed a golden gleam.

And fair beneath the sunset light lay meadow, wood, and stream.

On stately hall and cottage home I looked with humid eye,

A pictured memory in my heart, whose sweetness cannot die;

Its lights and shadows softly blend, such changeful beauty bear,

Methought the scene's soft loveliness entrancing sweet and fair.

As e'er to praise had poet poured his song along the land,

Or to life upon the canvass grew, 'neath artist's glowing hand,

Pervading all a holy hush, born of the Sabbath hour,

Subduing every worldly thought beneath its soul-felt power.

One last bright ray of fairest light fell like a blessing o'er,

While points the spire, with holy land, where tears shall be no
more;

And thou, for whom, with trembling touch, mine hand hath
swept the lyre,

Sleep on, nor fear the thunder's roll, the lightning's glance of
fire.

Though battling armies fiercely strive unto a kingly nod;

Though glory's banner ne'er so high float o'er the blood-stained
sod,

Though crowns be rent and thrones o'erturned, and empires
swept away,

Such have we seen, again may see, even in a life's short day.

Not this the page whereon to trace the patriot thoughts that
swell,

I call my wandering spirit back, and bid thy grave farewell;

For eyes, that need not fancied griefs, have wept unbidden tears.

O'er sorrows which the earth hath hid more than a hundred years.

June, 1876.

T O A P R I L .

I do not love thee, though my birth month thou,
 Wherein the world first opened to my gaze ;
 Too wrought with change, thy fair, deceitful brow,
 Now smiles, now tears in swift bewildering maze.

Oh, fatal month, for thus it seems to me,
 As death, with arrow ready fixed to fly,
 But saw thee break in beauty o'er the sea,
 Ere swift he bade my mother's first-born die.

Babe of her youth, that taught her heart the tale
 Of childish love, pure bliss without alloy ;
 Oh ! cruel stroke, list to the plaintive wail—
 A Rachel's heart that asks of earth her boy.

Dear, silent brother, cold thy sister's heart,
 As thine is now beneath the hallowed sod ;
 Ere of fond memory's chain one link will start,
 My soul shall stand in awe before its God.

Like to the month which saw thy life depart
 Was that brief life of changing joy and woe ;
 Scarce had a smile breathed gladness round thy heart,
 Ere grief or pain would cause thy tears to flow.

W-fated Charles, too soon thy life was o'er ;
 Too soon its bark had touched the silent strand ;
 Sudden the pang which bade thy spirit soar
 Past the blest confines of a happier land.

And there is one (but 'tis not for a child
 To judge its parent) in a foreign land,
 If yet he lives, who must, in anguish wild,
 Shrink from the past, for surely 'twas his hand

That heaped such needless suffering on thy head,
 Already bent beneath affliction's chain ;
 Oft have I seen thee seek in tears thy bed,
 In spirit weak from agonising pain.

Farewell, farewell, a strange desire to pray
 Once more I feel where roses deck thy grave ;
 Blst be His name who gives and takes away ;
 Omnipotent, each erring soul to save.

Blow soft, ye breezes, gather not in strife
 Where o'er that grave the midnight moonbeams shine ;
 Ah, sweet, my brother, many a weary life,
 Longs for a peace as deep, as calm as thine

That ancient chapel where, in days of old,
 God's word was preached by faithful lips and true,
 With gentle speech that pastor would unfold
 To listening ears what heavenly grace can do.

How Jesus died, God's well-beloved Son ;
 And that, through Him, the Father would forgive ;
 Nor works, he said, but only sin to shun,
 And faith to learn ; believe, and thou shalt live.

And on through life will blend the good and ill ;
 All, all are tempted, none from sin are free ;
 And he who to the end endureth still
 In humble hope, bright shall his last hours be.

LOVE AND SORROW.

The summer day was near its close,
 And a line of light on the hill tops lay ;
 The sun was sinking to sweet repose,
 For royally robed, like a king he goes,
 To his couch at the close of day.

On a bank of beauty, where blossoms wild
 Were in careless grace and profusion spread,
 Where the meek wood violet faintly smiled,
 Of bountiful nature, "The sweetest child,"
 To the green elm overhead.

'Twas a grand old tree, 'neath whose shade far spread,
 In the silent eve, it was sweet to be,
 For danced at its foot, o'er a pebbled bed,
 A silvery streamlet, that murmuring sped
 To its grave in the deep, deep sea.

A scene to call a thankful word
 To the lip that no grace could in nature own,
 For naught but soothing sounds were heard—
 The lonely chirp of some wakeful bird,
 Or the insect's drowsy tone.

In the deep'ning shade stood a maiden fair,
 As a dream of the spirit when life is done ;
 And the light wind toyed with her ebony hair,
 Now raising it gently, now placing it there,
 With a sigh from her beauty won.

Her cheek was pale—too pale, it seemed,
 When the drooping lashes o'er it swept ;
 But when those starry eyes upbeamed,
 Such a 'wilderling light from their dark depths gleamed,
 That a spell o'er the gazer crept.

The beautiful brow you might then forget,
 In its royal breadth from the temples fair ;
 The classic head, with its wealth of jet,
 That sparkled and flashed from the pearls that were set
 Like a crown on her falling hair.

On silent lovers the twilight shone ;
 He noble, proud, she sweet and fair ;
 So stood till the light from the west was gone ;
 Gray now where the gold and the crimson shone,
 While summer scents the air.

Tell me, then, Maud, is the sky less blue,
 Does the sun, with a duller glory, shine
 On those who their humble lot pursue ?
 From duty unswerving the pure and true,
 Than on those with rich gifts like thine ?

Say, are not the beautiful flowers as fair,
 And does not their fragrance all lavish fall,
 For a crown and a blessing everywhere ?
 Brightening with beauty the perfumed air,
 Sweet children of Eden all.

* * * * *

To her low breathed words, the youth's pale brow
 Grew flushed with thought as he low replied,
 The bud that bloometh so weakly now,
 Thy love would with brighter grace endow,
 It would blow with a richer pride.

For poverty stifles the thoughts that burn
 In the aching breast, ere to song they flow,
 And these would to breathings of rapture turn,
 Could the saddened heart a sweet lesson learn,
 Bereft of its care and woe.

The soul inspired that fain would soar
On fancy's wing so far and high,
Must give with a sigh its visions o'er,
Like the crippled bird that will sing no more,
But chafes that it cannot fly.

Where the glorious sunlight seldom falls,
What pain to sing of its beauty free
In the space confined of the narrow walls,
Which the fettered spirit so darkly thralls,
When 'tis panting afar to be.

On a life that was cold, and void, and dark,
Fell a sunny gleam that had thrilled it through ;
Of it shoreless ocean, the one bright ark,
And freighted with gems was that gallant barque,
The wealth of a spirit true.

With a gale that favoured it onward sped,
Cleaving its pathway with grace and power ;
O'er the parted wavelets the light foam spread,
And the star of hope a sweet lustre shed
O'er the calm of that holy hour.

But the syren that called that barque along
From its haven safe o'er the treacherous tide,
Ceased in mid ocean her guileful song,
And the proud waves rose, nor deemed it wrong
To swell o'er her fated side.

Heavily plunging, of hope bereft,
Girt with despair, to the waves a toy ;
Not one sweet hope in love's mercy left,
All darkness now where before was joy,
And the storm swept wild and wide.

O'er the world of waters a murmur came,
A waving of spirit wings were seen ;
Rise from thy lethargy, carve thee a name,
Stamped for the future in letters of flame—
A light where the cloud hath been.

A name which the lady who scorned thy love
Might long, with a breaking heart, to wear ;
Rise, girded on, thou shalt soar above
With the glorious host, whose thoughts can move
To tears for the love we bear.

With thy heart all steeled for a labour strong,
 Rise from the waves, make thine armour bright;
 And, lo, at thy feet, for thy wondrous song,
 Shall be wealth and love from the world's proud throng,
 Who shall own thy gifted might.

And she who is fairest where all are fair,
 Whose glorious eyes make the bright stars pale;
 Matched by the pearls in her raven hair,
 Shall her white cheek be when thou art there,
 Her life for thy love will fail.

* * * * *

Mine was the life that was drear and cold,
 Till a smile of thine fell athwart its gloom;
 When the cloud so dun took the hue of gold,
 And swathed my soul in its glittering fold,
 Till I read in thy pride my doom.

You have owned that you loved me, Maud, proud Maud;
 Spurn not the faith of an earnest soul;
 Though the haughty few might such act applaud,
 Since the poor they would e'en of their lives defraud,
 In a path for their pride to roll.
 I will plead no more, and I warn thee now,
 Oh, fair without and cold within,
 Of the marble heart and the smiling brow,
 Whose proud foot trampled love's holiest vow,
 A coronet to win.

Nor all my passion nor pain could bring,
 A restless heave o'er thy bosom's swell;
 I tear thee now from my heart and fling,
 Thine image far as a faithless thing,
 Thou fair and false, farewell.

* * * * *

They met, who once had fondly loved,
 Whom pride and wealth had sternly parted;
 HE, nobler than youth's promise, proved,
 And she a bride, and broken hearted.

The gems which on her fair white brow
 So well became its snowy gleaming;
 Pressed like hot bands of iron now,
 And her heart belied that brow's calm seeming.

She saw not the crowd, nor the lighted room,
 But a summer eve and a river flowing ;
 A bird's sweet voice in the gathering gloom,
 And one from her side in anger going.

She strove to be cold 'neath his searching glance,
 Till her soul grew sick with the vain endeavour ;
 Their hands had clasped in the mazy dance,
 And she knew her heart was his for ever.

She saw him proud with the pride of one
 Who has won the crown his brow is wearing ;
 She saw his life's success begun,
 And turned away, white and despairing.

Oh, winter of the bleeding heart,
 Whose blast through the pine trees moaneth ever ;
 Oh, desert land, where no fountains start ;
 Oh, barren life, where love is never.

OH, HAD I WEALTH.

Oh, had I wealth, I'd crown thy brow
 With gems a royal bride might wear ;
 The ruby's rich and radiant glow
 Should meet the diamond gleaming there.
 Or pearls should loop each raven tress
 Of priceless value, rich and rare ;
 Though peerless in their loveliness,
 As thy sweet brow not half so fair.

Thy home, ah love, thy home should be
 What boundless wealth and taste could frame ;
 I'd search the land, I'd rob the sea,
 To gem thy home, and grace thy name.
 Oh, had I wealth, I'd crown thy brow
 With gems a royal bride might wear ;
 Though faultless in their radiant glow,
 As thy sweet brow not half so fair.

TO AN ATHEIST.

1857.

Hush, vain presumptuous one, nor dare
Deny the God who gave thee birth ;
Dost thou not breathe his own pure free air,
And tread, though with scornful step, his earth ?

No God ! go view the wondrous earth,
From the mountain's craigy height that lowers,
From the ocean wave to the smiling birth,
O'er hill and dale of the woodland flowers.
No God ! Niagara's hissing flood,
As it foams and dashes the rocks among,
Hurls back thy lore with a giant force,
And proclaims it a lie in language strong.

The mountain's grandeur sterner grows,
And prouder yet his snow-wreathed crest,
At thy vain words, and the ocean throws
Them in scornful spray from his heaving breast.

Turn, child of earth, ere thy life be done,
And bow in faith unto Israel's God ;
Spurn not the chance he gives, but come
And kneel with praise to the chastening rod.

For his mercy and love will not always last,
If thou still refusest his name to own,
When thy time for repentance for ever past,
And only his furious anger shewn.

Ere unavailing tears be thine,
Turn, wanderer, turn to the narrow way ;
Though thorny it be, yet the end will shine,
And the gloomy night shall be perfect day.



F A L S E .

Whither are thy footsteps speeding,
Bright eyed Lena, Queen of May ?
Song of birds nor sunset heeding,
Nor hours of closing day.

Dark the wood that looms before thee,
Fair the plain behind that lies :
Does no fear of night come o'er thee,
Glancing at the darkening skies ?

There where bends yon aged willow,
O'er the clear swift gliding stream,
Stands a youth, so slight and graceful,
Idol bright of maiden dream.

Costly gems enclasp his fingers,
Sunny locks his temples crown,
On his brow fair youth still lingers,
Youth undimmed by care or frown.

Lip and brow with smiles are beaming,
Eyes their radiant glances throw :
Can it be all false and seeming,
Lena, does he love thee so ?

List ! he pleads, 'mid scenes of splendour
Shall thy life's sweet current glide,
will e'er be fond and tender,
Thou alone my joy and pride.

Bright her cheek with crimson blushes,
As he stoops her hand to kiss,
How her brow with fond pride flushes,
Homage sweet through life like this.

Oh, what bliss her heart is framing,
Far from scenes of care and woe ;
Studied words her pride inflaming,
Thine till death, she whispers low.

Veiled her eyes by drooping lashes,
Stilled her very heart for joy ;
From his glance proud triumph flashes,
Won, alas, but to destroy.

Nor word of priest, nor holy altar,
Sacred ritual, Heaven ordained,
Caused his lips in love to falter,
Base avowal, passion stained.

Think, will he whose coffers laden,
Might a duke's fair daughter claim,
Make his bride of cottage maiden,
Link with thine his haughty name?

Will no hand stretch forth and save thee
From the deep and dread abyss?
Place the love thy parents gave thee
'Gainst a passion base as this?

No, alas, thy pride estranged them,
Who for thee would life have given;
Haughty looks and words have changed them,
Thine own hand each bond hath riven.

Will he dare his father's anger?
Can he brave his mother's scorn?
Lena dread for thee the danger,
Will no friendly voice forewarn?

Pride of birth, Lord Ronald's failing,
Will he smile his weakness o'er?
All thy charms were unavailing,
He would spurn thee from his door.

Costly robes wait to enfold thee,
Gems shall on thy white brow shine,
Envious eyes will then behold thee,
Who art mine, for ever mine.

Sped one bright year, brief and glorious,
Summer ne'er so blest before;
Joy through all its hours victorious,
With love's glamour goldened o'er.

Now the autumn gusts are wailing
Through wet woodlands, wild and drear;
Doubt is growing, faith is failing,
Gone all beauty from the year.

* * * * *

Saw the willow bending lowly,
One whose faint steps left no trace,
One who through the darkness slowly
Sought the dear old trysting place.

Sought a lover, in whose clasping
She might life's wild dream forget
Now her cold hand he is grasping,
Neath the billows chill and wet.

In the cold gray dawn they found her,
On her pallid lip no breath,
Smiled the water lilies round her,
Life is swallowed up of death.

Pale and cold and still she lieth :
Chant the waves a wild death hymn ;
And her last prayer was for pardon,
And her last thought was of HIM.

S T A N Z A .

Oh lay me by my brothers side
Low in the quiet grave,
Where dreaming not of pomp or pride,
The graceful flowerets wave.

To some the world is fair and bright,
With all its glittering show ;
To me revealed but sorrows night,
My Father, let me go.

My soul in anguish prays for death,
And life, it has naught to give ;
Call forth upon the air my breath,
Let me no longer live.

Oh lay me where my brothers sleep,
Is undisturbed alone ;
There you may sometime come and weep,
When I'm for ever gone.

ONCE AND FOR EVER.

Light on the hills such as lingering stays
When slowly fadeth the sunset rays ;
But the western heaven, so softly bright,
Cannot sooth the pain in my heart to-night ;
The passionate longing, the wild regret,
For I loved thee once, and I love thee yet.

I made thee mine idol, in my sight,
Thy form was clothed in unearthly light ;
Nor a thing of beauty mine eyes could see,
But it thrilled my soul with a thought of thee,
And my heart is weary, mine eyelids wet.
For I loved thee once, and I love thee yet.

I came to-night where the graves are spread,
And I asked of peace from the quiet dead ;
But, rapt from life's sorrow, they answered not,
And my wandering feet sought the fountains grot,
Where the waters sparkle, and foam, and fret ;
But I loved thee once, and I love thee yet.

In silent thought on the bridge I lean,
And the swans are floating the banks between,
A bird in the boughs, hath a voice too sweet,
And spring sheds blossoms around my feet,
But another hath won thee, hope's star is set,
For I loved thee once, and I love thee yet.

The skies above me unpitying beam,
And life is a sorrow, love a dream ;
The cruel fate that between us stood
Hath wrenched from my spirit its all of good,
And duty's path is with thorns beset,
For I loved thee once, and I love thee yet.



EVENING.

A day of storm, but the eve descends
 In holiest calm on stream and bower ;
 'Tis sweet to whisper of absent friends,
 To swaying tree and closing flower.

'Tis sweet alone, but sweeter far,
 When loving hands in ours are pressed ;
 When hearts commune, nor troubles mar
 The summer calm of each fond breast.

To silent gaze, while yet the beam
 Of lingering sunset brightly throws
 A tinge of gold on rippling stream,
 Through flowery banks that murmuring flows.

Oh, earth to me is fairest then,
 My wandering footsteps gladly stray
 Far from the busy haunts of men,
 To watch the gleam of the dying day.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS.

1857.

Thou art coming, merry Christmas, for the cold and biting blast
 Proclaims to all that the good old year, ere long, must breathe
 its last,

And sink, as its sister years have done in ages gone before,
 Where oblivious mighty waters roll on the dark and stormy
 shore ;

It must go, yet with merry voice and heart, we cheerfully say
 adieu,

As oft for friendships newly formed we leave the tried and true
 Since the last Christmas revelries we have felt the chastening
 rod ;

One of the dear home circling ones is called to meet his God ;
 One loved one less to welcome thee, one heart to join with ours
 In the alternations of joys and sorrows which heaven in wisdom
 showers

Yes, God's all-healing hand was laid heavy upon his brow ;
 He suffered much while here on earth, but he is happy now,
 By that dear Saviour's side who calls from the mansions of the
 blest,

“Come unto me, ye weary ones, and I will give you rest.”
’Tis a weary task, which bereavement owns, to gaze on the
snowy bed,
Where the dear remains of those we love are in death’s cold
slumber laid;
’Tis hard to kneel in the morning hour, and again at the set of
sun,
To clasp the trembling hands and say, “Father, Thy will be
done.”
But the glorious hope of bliss above nerves us with strength to
bear
The trials, bitter though they be, which all on earth must share;
Oh, may our lives be such that, when the Saviour’s call is given,
Our spirits may in hopeful flight wing their bright way to
heaven.

THE FAIRY AND THE FLOWERS.

I watched, amid the blossoms,
My baby girl at play;
And I thought she, in her guileless grace,
Was pure and sweet as they.

There was beauty all around her—
On the earth and in the air—
For here sweet flowers were blooming,
And the birds sang sweetly there.

Till my heart was stirred within me,
By the peace upon her brow,
I said how sweet to keep her,
Just a child as she is now.

A winsome, white-robed fairy,
’Mid the birds, and bees, and flowers,
Her merry footsteps dancing,
Through her childhood’s happy hours.

Now a swallow crossed the sunshine,
And her eye pursued his track,
Till her eager face grew wistful,
As she saw he came not back.

Then all the ardour left her,
As ere while she sought her play,
Looking upward, longing ever,
For the brightness fled away.

O swallow, swiftly flying,
Thou bearest on thy track
A young heart's joy and gladness ;
Oh, bird of love, come back.

There were lovely buds half open,
On the rose trees standing near ;
But she could not see their beauty,
No longer were they dear.

Her little bosom heaving,
To my outstretched arms she came,
Sobbing with a child's quick sorrow,
Full of grief without a name.

Then I whispered fairy wonders
As she lay upon my breast,
Till her sorrows were forgotten,
Kissed her softly into rest.

There are older hearts than thine, love,
For distant glories pine ;
The mist that lies between us and our prayer
Can make divine.

Not the sun, in all his splendour,
Hath such glory in our eyes,
As the stars more distant shining,
We so faintly realise.

On some morn in the far future,
Where sorrow haply lowers,
She may read her mother's idyl
Of the fairy and the flowers.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Praise ye the Lord, all ye his sons,
On earth the throned, or lowly ones;
Your mingling tones will strike some chord,
Which inly rings, praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, the God of truth,
While yet your brows are bright with youth;
In feeble age is life abhorred,
In youth's fresh morn, praise ye the Lord.

When in the east the morn is bright,
Ye trace his name in glowing light;
Or night throws shadows o'er the sward,
Your tribute bring, praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, though ye may stand
By new-made graves—a weeping band;
He lived to bless, He died to save,
And heaven's dark portal is the grave.

Praise ye the Lord, the just, the true,
Whose searching sight sees all you do;
Your meed of love with joy record,
With holy lip, praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord, His children all,
Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,
Lest of the rocks and stones He raise
A tuneful host to sing His praise.

1867.

A N S W E R E D .

I had crept from the still death chamber,
Where my broken lily lay;
To see if the eve's soft spirit,
Could charm grief's power away.

But vainly I watched and vainly
For the stars that would not shine,
And the fountain of tears seemed withered,
For a grief-torn heart was mine.

I had prayed in a passion of sorrow
One glimpse of her bliss to win,
And hope in my heart lay dying,
For I knew that the prayer was sin.

When suddenly eastward shining
A star from a dark cloud came,
And the glory around it widened,
Till the heavens seemed all aflame.

And fair, where its centre brightened,
White on the crimson glow,
I saw a vision that thrilled me,
A form that I could but know;

An angel, all crowned and smiling,
With a babe on her bosom fair,
And a strange wild thrill shot through me,
My loved and lost was there.

Her little arms out-stretching,
I saw her brown eyes shine,
And her soft dark tresses waving,
And I knew that babe was mine.

Mine, though I might not clasp her;
Mine! like the stars as fair;
Mine with a lambent glory,
Playing around her hair,

In wild unreasoning anguish,
I laid my bosom bare;
Praying, alas how vainly,
As of old she would nestle there.

So sweet were the sounds that floated
On the still air to my feet,
That I held my breath to listen,
[For Heavenly harp strings meet].

I looked, but the vision had faded,
And only the clear Heaven shone,
Where beamed one star in a glory
I never had looked upon.

Call it a sojourn in dreamland,
 A vision, or what you will,
 The pulsing beneath life's surface
 Of a grief that will not be still.

But the memory of a moment
 Can a soothing comfort give,
 Whose holy influence cheers me,
 And strengthens me to live.

A TRADITION OF ROTHERITHE.

Fair and golden streamed the sunset from the burning, glowing
 west,
 Bright showers of radiance throwing on the river's sparkling
 breast,
 Lighting up with wreaths of splendour many a ship in beauty's
 pride
 That, with white wings closely folded, heaved upon the rocking
 tide.

With white wings closely folded, and bustling life all o'er,
 For the merry sailors revel'd on the dear, long looked for shore ;
 'Twas one which from some far port hailed, dropped anchor in
 the stream,

As the crimson bars were melting into twilight's purple beam.

On her deck, and landward gazing, her dark-eyed captain stood,
 A half smile on his bearded lip, of dreamy, thoughtful mood ;
 From an open letter in his hand he reads one tender line,
 " Her hair is dark as yours, dear Hugh, but her eyes are blue as
 mine "

As hers, my love, my darling, precious though the babe to me,
 Ever first and foremost in my heart, my Edith, thou shalt be ;
 And fair the picture that he frames, and fond the love it stirs,
 A baby girl, with bright dark hair, and eyes as blue as hers.

And tenderly he eyed the land—the lovely land—that lay
 Bathed in the softened light of eve, not many roods away ;
 The land of promise, light, and joy, where all his sweet hopes
 rest,

And she he loves impatient waits to be folded to his breast.

And time, that toucheth all things, will have touched my dearest too,

But it cannot take her heart-warm smile, nor her eye's deep lustrous blue;

To guard her, oh, so tenderly, my wild life I resign,
Her saintly patience to reward, the happy task be mine.

At her feet my jewelled wealth I lay, sweet will her welcome be,
And dear the thought of home and wife to the wanderer of the sea;

The beach woods rich in autumn tints, the meadow's dewy gleams,

Will they in life such colours wear as they wore amid his dreams?

Then, lightly to the boat he steps, where the silent rowers wait,
And strong and rapid are the strokes which bear him to his fate;

Heard he no voice prophetic in the wild wave's sullen roar?

Saw he no phantom, gaunt and grim, to warn him from the shore?

Where death in ambush darkly waits, a death so sad and slow,
The shuddering crowd avert their gaze, its horror to forego;
Strongly the tide had outward ebb'd, now trembling on the turn,

And chains, half hidden in the sand, his feet impatient spurn.

Chains which, to floating buoys attached, the path with danger fill,

And one now clings with fatal clasp, but yet he fears no ill,
Till the mighty strength he brings to bear hath failed to set him free;

Dizzy, bewildered, through the past he keenly probes to see
If for some unrepented sin this cruel judgment be.

But no, his brain refuses—thought, oh, God, my child, my wife;
Then take the limb he hoarsely cries, but give me, give me life;
There are kindly hearts and helpful hands that would, but cannot, save;

No aid that tardy man may bring can match that rushing wave.

* * * * *

Oh, the cruel, icy waters! oh, the stern, relentless fate!

The cold blood curdling horror which surrounds the sad too late;
Too late, no help from God or man; too late for warmth and life,

For all, save the stern struggle, ere death shall end the strife.

Inch by inch the doom disputing, yielding slowly limb by limb
Oh, the blessed light of heaven, which shall shine not long for
him ;

Every sense shocked into dumbness, on his white lips froze a
prayer ;

Oh, God, why sleeps Thy mercy, Thine arm deliverer where ?

In helpless sorrow stand the crowd, wildly the women wept,
And from many a manly bosom heaving sobs were upward
swept—

Sobs that sturdy manhood shamed not, less calm than he who
stood

With prayer-clasped hands and heavenward gaze, mid the
rushing, rising flood.

Nor the crowd, in silent horror, to their dwellings turned away,
Till the choking, blinding waters closed above their living prey.

* * * * *

Calmly now, in cool soft ripples, the waters lave the shore ;

But where is he, so late that stood, whom now we see no more ?

SOMETHING is there which gently sways beneath the billowy
strife ;

Ah ! we hold, by frailest tenure, the brittle thread of life.

'Tis but a blow, a wave, a flash, and stops the feeble breath

In the birth pangs of another life, and yet we call it death ;

The soul freed from its prison house, with tears our eyes grow
dim ;

Man of the proudly-flashing eye, the strong and sinewy limb.

Who found the narrow bounds of earth, for soaring thought too
low ;

Excelsior, his trumpet cry, yet, knowledge bringeth woe,

And death can mar the noblest form, and life is but a span ;

The spirit gone, what is he then ? proud, vaunting, boastful man.

But a thing to make the boldest quail, awful to see, a blot

Upon the loveliness of earth, that was, but now is not ;

That was a solace, was a hope, a love, a heart's delight,

To be put away, forgotten, hidden, buried out of sight.

Yet 'tis but clay that earth receives unto her kindly breast,

And tenderly, and with a hope, we lay the loved to rest ;

A hope that for an earthly cross be changed a heavenly crown,

Upon a pleading Saviour fixed, who dare such hope frown down ?

“Resurgam,” our triumphal song, though the pale angel waits,
And e’er the valley’s gloom be passed, shall shine heaven’s pearly
gates ;

Its jasper streets, its shining courts, and love unveiled is there,
The glory beaming from whose front not mortal eye can dare.

“There, shall be found solution sweet for all that baffles here,
The dawn of holy love and joy, the end of grief and fear ;
No more vain cravings after light, which here the soul must feel,
Life’s mystery, dark, inscrutable, heaven’s fulness shall reveal.”

D E S E R T E D .

Oh, why did his love leave a void in my heart,
Which on earth can be filled nevermore ?
Oh, why did he gain my fond trust and depart,
Passing me like a flower lightly o’er ?

He vowed, when he culled a white rose for my hair,
That my brow could in beauty outvie ;
That my eyes liquid depths than the violets more fair,
Held the azure of heaven in their dye.

And he swore that his love but with being should fade,
That the stars not more constant could shine ;
But falsely he sundered the vows that he made,
With his dark eyes down flashing in mine.

I had clasped to my heart, with a thrill of delight,
The sweet vision, entrancing and fair,
That transformed the wide earth to an Eden of light,
Decked with jewels all precious and rare.

Ere the phantom delusive had faded from view,
He had knelt at a lovelier shrine ;
He has called her his bride, and the cypress and yew
Are fit emblems for sorrow like mine,

I saw, from the shore, the proud vessel depart,
Which my girlhood’s bright dream bore away ;
And I prayed for them both, and prayed, too, that my heart
Its pulses for ever would stay.

I ask but one boon—'tis a grave 'neath the tree
 Where love's music first thrilled on my ear;
 And in choosing a blossom a rose let it be,
 To shed its white leaves on my bier.

PHANTASMA.

Tired of my room and its simple belongings,
 I mount my aerial car,
 And swift o'er the land and the sea it can bear me,
 To the regions where mysteries are.
 O'er the blue waters delightedly roaming,
 Drinking new life from the wave;
 Watching its changes—gray, opal, and crimson,
 In beauty the land never gave.
 Stately and fair as a swan o'er the waters,
 Her swift keel dividing the foam,
 Comes the proud ship, and entranced I listen
 To a sailor, that singeth of home.
 And, where dost thou wander? oh, love is the burden;
 Where, and oh, where dost thou roam.
 While I force from the waves what the land has denied me—
 Wealth that shall build thee a home?
 Dost thou stray by the mere while the shadows are falling,
 And twilight empurples the west,
 While the dew on the flowers lieth light as a blessing,
 And the birds' weary wings are at rest?
 Oh, waft me a thought o'er the ocean, my dearest,
 'Twill aid me the silence to bear;
 Its pitying wing lends the wind that thou hearest,
 That absent, mine own, thou canst share.

* * * * *

Once I found a lone lake lying in a rocky alpine valley,
 And a mountain torrent fed it, flinging far its spray and foam,
 By a rocky chain half girded, but the blue sky smiled above it,
 And the wild birds hovered fearless, and the wild swan was at
 home.

There, in many a cleft and fissure, bloomed the heath bells,
white and azure,
And I plucked them, climbing fearless, nor soil nor foothold
shown;

And a strange, sweet fancy filled me, and with soft emotion
thrilled me,

That unto their rugged dwelling they clung by LOVE alone.

Then I wreathed them, softly singing of the good that might
betide me,

Till brow, and neck, and bosom, and full hands could hold no
more;

And I knew but of one sorrow—that you were not beside me,

And your shadow fell before me, and my longing pain was o'er,

Then you whispered words of kindness, bending from your proud
height toward me,

While I in silent rapture each separate feature scan;

And the wild birds came to listen to the secret that you told me,

And upon your broad white forehead, God himself had written
man.

Then, for one brief, breathless moment, my life attained
completeness,

In the next I turned to face you, but your shadowy form was
gone;

And a bird sang shrilly o'er me, and the lake laughed into ripples,

And the wild swans floated towards me, and the torrent
thundered on.

Fair freedom loved you ever, ye rocky hills and valleys,

Where Tell's brave spirit lingers in proud, exalted fame;

Each lonely mountain fastness, each tarn in silence lying,

His bright sword has defended, and hath echoed to his name.



MINE NO LONGER.

And is she gone, and shall I never, never see her more ;
And is she dead, and must for ever I her loss deplore ;
And must I from life's joy bells ringing, still sorrowing turn
 away,
And weep to hear the sweet birds singing carols to the May ?

Too sadly true the mournful story, never, never more
Shall I see her, kiss her, clasp her on this earthly shore ;
Tell me not 'tis weak and sinful, this I can but know ;
Tell me not, her griefs are ended, and 'tis better so.

Gentle words, and kindly spoken, with a meaning sweet,
To a heart all crushed and broken, which must still in sorrow
 beat ;
And since I weep with quenchless tears for that which cannot be,
Oh ! tell me what the unborn years may bring of joy for me.

TO E—— ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Dear Emma, with eyes so blue,
And lips that so love to smile
At the sunny dreams in her heart so true,
Where never was thought of guile.

As the waves of time flow past,
And the days of thy birth come round,
May each one be happier far than the last,
Each dawning with joy be crowned.

For life should be bright and fair,
Its sunshine never fail,
When eyes, which such radiant glances wear,
Have drooped to a thrilling tale.

And a treasure of mirth and glee,
A glory that cannot pall,
A blessing to cherish, her love will be
To the home where its light shall fall.

May a life of joy be thine,
And sorrow and tears unknown ;
When love shall its rosy garland twine,
And build in thy heart its throne.

What though the March winds blow
Mid the lingering Winter's chill ;
They are scarcely felt in the heart's warm glow,
That meeteth with prayer each ill.

Fond wishes and love I send,
Oh do not the offering scorn ;
For life were weary without a friend,
And trials are with us born.

And richer than jewels bright,
Or pearls that might deck the hair,
Is a spirit pure, and a heart upright,
For these may God's Eden share.

Ah ! life is like the sea,
One moment it seems to sleep,
The next 'twill tossed by the temptest be,
In an hour we can smile and weep,

But ever mid storm and calm,
This thought for our pure delight,
In Gilead there is healing balm,
And the dawn succeeds the night.

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

Farewell, farewell, oft shall thy name arise,
And tuneful lips shall thy sweet praises sing ;
And fervent prayers ascending to the skies,
For they, the loved, reft of thy sheltering wing.

Oh ! thou art missed, e'en when in princely hall
In festal hours do gay assemblies meet ;
Where beauteous feet with fairy lightness fall,
And lamps shine down on stately forms and sweet

But most to yearn, when slow the sad hours steal,
 When youthful eyes would fain their father see,
 And seem to ask him in their mute appeal,
 His darlings clinging to thy widowed knee.

Oh earth, bright earth, how beautiful art thou,
 When round our path shines sweet united joy ;
 Oh earth, dark earth, when aching heart and brow
 Yearn for the love no tempest can destroy.

Yet, yet again, sweet lady, hope shall bloom
 With lustre fair from clouding sorrow free ;
 The voice which called thy Albert to the tomb,
 Hath choicest blessings in its tones for thee.

T O O L A T E .

The world blames failure, loves success,

Vae Victis is its cry ;

Woe to the vanquished : stand aside,

Oh ! world, and let him die.

Watch his brave struggles lose the goal

With cold and wary eye ;

Of the aching, yearning, bursting heart,

Heed not the quivering sigh.

Till the worn spirit loses faith,

And shrinks in pain and fear,

To sing for lips that curl in scorn,

To ears that will not hear :

Turns in shuddering loathing from a life

Which only blight has known,

And sinks into the friendly grave,

Unhonoured and unknown.

Then bring the gorgeous panoply,

Tall hearse, and waving plume ;

Stand forth ye noble of the land,

Attend him to the tomb.

Let mutes in sable robes be clad,

Let the Dead March resound,

Rein in the steeds which fain would prance

Too swiftly o'er the ground.

The lips whose words were touched with fire,
Are in the coffin hid ;
Bring forth the fatal laurel wreath,
And lay it on the lid.
Of WANT HE DIED, bring lilies white,
And lilies pure and sweet,
To deck his grave, whose genius lit
The earth around his feet.

Ye may give him praise, he cannot hear,
Let the wide echo rise ;
To him belonged the thoughts that breathe,
Oh! laud him to the skies.
Pile high the tomb, and let its snow
A glowing record bear ;
Carrara's quarry's best might yield
The stone to glisten there.

Hath he helpless babes? then give them gold,
Gold for a father's love,
Gold for the heartfelt sympathy,
Whose worth he died to prove.
But think not all was dark and sad,
That marked his brief career ;
His heart rejoiced when the snowdrops sprang—
Sweet firstlings of the year.

Where their slender stems had the brown mould riven,
In fairest emerald drest ;
The first sweet sign which the earth had given,
Of the beauty in her breast.
For him soft chimes through the wood's green heart,
The fairy blue bells rang ;
For him the rippling river flowed,
The forest minstrels sang.

He trod with a free and a bounding step
The paths of the flowery earth,
And a walk on the breezy moorlands gave
A thousand beauties birth.
Pure joy was his when the morning broke,
Glad, glorious, fresh, and free,
And the voice of the great Eternal spoke
In the moan of the mighty sea.

He had words of cheer for the sinking heart,
And love for each living thing ;
And he twined for the trees ere their leaves came forth,
Sweet idyl's of the spring.
He had tuned his harp, and its trembling strings
Were wreathed with wild wood flowers ;
But no heart responds, though he sweetly sings,
And a gloom crept o'er the hours.
By the graves of the sons of song he stood
To learn that their years were few ;
That his life's decree meant naught but good,
Like a revelation grew ;
While the Lenten lilies waved in light, '
A sea of golden flame,
A peace, like the calm of the restful night,
To his troubled spirit came.
He had knelt and asked for her life in vain,
The loveliest and the last,
And he felt with a pang that was more than pain,
Death's bitterest sting was past.
Then he numbered his years with faltering breath,
And cried, oh, Lord, how long ?
And left to the world, whose scorn was death,
A legacy of song.

F O R L O V E .

'Twas some pageant of royalty, regal and fair,
Which had drawn the rich crowd, and in charm held them there ;
And proud steeds were prancing, and fair ladies smiled,
But one roams among them distracted and wild.
Gather up your rich robes so daintily made,
Far from her touch hold your sweeping brocade ;
Glad in the costliest, velvet and fur,
Though scantiest covering sufficeth for her.
But look in her face, ere you greet her with scorn,
Brow that was fairer ne'er smiled to the morn ;
Soft dreamy eyes, in whose dark depths there gleams
A pathos of woe that shall live in your dreams.

Aye, on her face let your haughty gaze rest,
And her eyes, pleading prayer shall drive peace from your breast
So young, and so friendless, so lost, and alone,
In all the wide crowd will there pity her none?

Fair lady Ida in her saddle bends low,
Touched by the sweet face with its pallor of woe;
But the gold that she offered was gently refused,
And the fair face beneath her with crimson suffused.

Came one sternly reining his charger's proud crest,
And the star of some order shone bright on his breast;
And the stranger, with wild eyes that grew to his face,
Shrank back where a pillar could hide from his gaze.

It is he, she said brokenly under her breath,
It is he, and he loves her—be welcome then death;
Then sped like some poor hunted deer from the throng,
To where the dark river rolls surging along.

Oh, river! the world is too wide and too cold,
Save for those who can bribe it with jewels and gold;
And I, I have none, and the bread I but crave,
That, too, is denied me, oh! give me a grave.

I will call thee my mother, and unto thy breast
Thou shalt fold me, and hide me, and sing me to rest;
I will whisper my story to thee ere I die,
And thy voice shall be sympathy, sorrow, reply.

And river, deep river, that glideth away,
I pray thee be silent of all that I say;
Thou shalt whisper it never, but deep in the sea
Lay the trust that I dying bequeathed unto thee.

For I would that my fate remained ever unknown,
That my name be engraved on no funeral stone;
In the wide world around me no kindred have I,
None to love if I live, none to weep if I die.

Yet a home had I once, and surrounded by all
Which the eye could delight, or the senses enthral;
And of my proud father, sole daughter was I,
Yet here, poor and wretched, all lonely I die.

And unto that home in the far past came one;
And my proud father loved him, to him as a son;
While to me he was all that was noble and true,
Bright, handsome, but faithless, as soon my heart knew.

Then came a dark hour, for my dear father died,
 And brave to the last I stayed close to his side ;
 So soft his last breath, I knew not it had flown,
 As he falteringly called me his darling, his own.

And I struggled for patience in meekness and prayer,
 The angel of peace touched my brow unaware.

* * * * *

'Twas a wild day of storm, I remember it well,
 Of each word that was spoken that hour I can tell.

For HE came and laid fortune and life at my feet,
 And prayed my acceptance, bewilderingly sweet ;
 To my grief-tortured breast were the look and the tone,
 As he whispered my dearest, no longer alone.

And oh ! the bright world grew so beautiful then,
 While he whom I loved seemed a prince among men ;
 But to one whom I prized as a sister, I told
 The story, whose sweetness no silence could hold.

I saw, as she listened, her lips growing white,
 Then she knelt, and her words turned my day into night ;
 She said that for years she his promise had held,
 And I felt my strength ebbing, as by a blow felled.

That only in pity he asked for my hand,
 That my father's indebtedness gave him all land ;
 Whatsoever he owned, the fair home, that was mine,
 Through debt, just and legal, I ought to resign.

Then unto my chamber I carried my pain,
 And oft he entreated me thence, but in vain ;
 To anguish abandoned I waited for night,
 Whose friendliest darkness could cover my flight.

And ne'er, from that day until now, have I seen
 The proud form, which e'er in my judgment had been,
 True type of all manliness, 'mid the bright crowd
 It seemed as my heart must his name cry aloud.

Turned unto that cry, the proud rider, 'tis the same,
 'Tis the voice of my lost one, and wildly he came
 Adown the wet river path, where she kneels yet,
 And the white anguished face he will never forget.

It is you, have I found you, my darling, my own,
 So still in his arms, that the frail breath seems flown ;
 And unto the carriage he tenderly bears,
 And the soft eyes unclosed to his tears and his prayers.

Ah ! how could you leave me in anguish, he cries,
 She is dead, who had woven the network of lies
 That has kept us apart, love, the home was your own,
 And all the wide park lands pertaining—a moan,
 From her white lips for answer was given
 One fluttering breath, and her soul was in heaven ;
 Too late, he said hoarsely, my God, 'tis too late,
 Surely love, unreturned, in woman breeds hate.

M O N T E L A N .

Wept the lady, frowned the knight,
 Through the hall a gloom was spread
 Hushed breath and footfall light,
 For the baby heir was dead.

Montelan's lady bowed
 Her head, the blow to bear ;
 But Sir Egbert, stern and proud,
 In fierce sorrow mourned his heir.

Ah ! gentle heart, she knew
 The source whence sorrows fall,
 And to her spirit true,
 Prayed strength to bear it all.

And strength unto her day,
 At her gentle asking came ;
 God gives and takes away,
 She said, and blessed His name.

But since that awful hour,
 Beside his darling's bed,
 When failed of prayer the power,
 No word his lips had said.

So suddenly revealed
 The stern and fatal blow,
 That the fount of speech seemed sealed,
 And clothed his soul in woe.

And through the silent days
 He trod the gloomy hall,
 Where proud escutcheons grace,
 The darkly bannered wall.

There, from their gilded frames,
Looked knight and lady down;
Bright in the land their names,
For beauty and renown.

Those suits of armour high
Montelan's sons had worn,
When shouts of victory
Far on the breeze were borne.

Thus passed a slow year by,
Worn to a shadow now,
Though once proud thoughts and high
Commanded on his brow.

They said that music's breath
Might break the sullen spell,
And cause, or sleep, or death,
Or frenzy, wild to tell.

Lady Eva grieved to see
Such shadow on his brow,
And to set his silence free
Unto heaven she made a vow.
Hers the hand and voice should be
To clear the clouded brain;
Glad, tender, wild, and free,
Must ring the changeful strain.

Ushered in by storm and cloud,
The day of trial came;
Fierce tempests, wild and loud,
Shook door and window frame.

They were sable robes that swept
Richly round her on the floor,
Where the velvet roses kept
The bloom they last year wore

Beside her harp she stood,
One fair hand upon the strings;
But no song's melodious flood
Through the silvern silence rings.

And gathered from afar,
The issue to await,
All of his kindred are
In sorrow for his state.

But now the tuneful beat
Of music breaks the gloom ;
Unfaltering, clear, and sweet,
Her rich voice fills the room.

Of flowers and joyous birds,
And summers in their prime ;
While to the pleasant words
The happy notes keep time.

And ever as she sings
You can breathe the breath of flowers,
And hear the rush of wings,
And tread the leafy bowers.

As life were in the strings,
Throbbing in utterance sweet
Of life's diviner things,
Of rest for weary feet.

Of love that would not die,
And of faith that deeper grew,
Though shafts of calumny
Had pierced it through and through.

White from the velvet dress,
Rose neck and bosom fair ;
On her brow's pale loveliness,
Her crown of golden hair.

His wandering glance had sought,
And found her kneeling there.
Flashed in a fitful thought,
If angels were as fair.

But yet his eye was wild,
Distracted yet his mien ;
He felt but as a child
Each feature of the scene.

* * * * *

Thy race were ever brave
Upon the battle field ;
'Twas a glorious deed which gave
The raven to their shield.

Unto the bugle call
Spring forth the true and brave,
Who care not if they fall,
Their bleeding land to save.

Yon hear, as runs the song,
A trampling at the gate,
Where steeds a thousand strong,
Their mailed riders wait.

And groan, and tear, and sigh,
Must gentle hearts endure,
While to heaven rings the cry
Of the crushed, down-trodden poor.

She had touched the chord at last,
Found the key note to the tone,
Which had stirred him like a blast,
From a martial trumpet blown.

Now proudly raised his head,
But wearily she sang,
And to his hurried tread
The hollow armour rang.

O'er wrought, she could no more,
Whose strength lay in her love ;
And, prostrate on the floor,
Her form he bends above.

My love, thou shalt not die,
I will give thee of my breath,
Whose love's intensity
Hath fought a fight with death.

She wakes to see and hear
The old fond look and tone ;
His wooing whisper near,
My beautiful, my own.



NIGHT.

'Tis sweet to gaze in silence wrapt upon the twilight sky,
 When the earth is all to stillness hushed, save the low winds'
 gentle sigh;
 To watch the fair and countless stars in shining myriads rise,
 Hanging their tiny lamps of love o'er all the arching skies.
 See where the moon in glory rides, the calm night's pale-brow'd
 queen,
 Mid her circling halo, wan and sweet, in robes of silver sheen;
 Ne'er monarch of earth had such glorious host for her bright
 admiring train,
 Or such fair expanse as the azure vast for her proud and peaceful
 reign.
 Or turn where ocean widely heaves his bright untroubled breast,
 As though soft slumbers wrapt the soul by inward dreams
 oppressed,
 For the King of the storm fled fast and far to his lone and rock-
 bound cell;
 And now at peace the wild waves are, and the stars their love
 can tell.
 And soft they rest in the tremulous blue, day ne'er such beauty
 gave;
 Each silver star, each fleecy cloud enmirror'd in the wave;
 Who hath not felt that beauty's spells crown's eve's mysterious
 hour:
 The voice we love sounds sweeter then, and thrills the soul with
 power.
 There's music in the wind's soft sigh, through autumn's fading
 trees;
 There's beauty for each dewy flower kissed by the gentle breeze;
 The sleeping earth, the star-lit heaven, the proud, the glorious
 sea,
 In blending harmony declare the night more fair to be
 Than the broad glare of busy day, with noisy strife and din,
 And toil and care, and too, alas, its load of woe and sin.
 Ah, cold and dull that heart must be that feels no joyous thrill,
 To see the loveliness of earth from some green-mantled hill,
 While the moon's pale glory floods the plain beneath his
 raptured gaze,
 And wafts his spirit's song to heaven of wonder, love, and praise.

S E M P E R E A D E M .

There are silver threads mid her dark hair cast,
But her eyes with the old bright lustre shine ;
She hath sorrow, known through the changeful past,
She hath wept o'er many a hope's decline.

Bending in love to the stern decree,
When the king of terrors swooped fiercely down ;
Tuning her heart's sweet minstrelsy,
To his holy will, who can crush or crown.

Oh ! sweetly she tended our infant years,
With a brow on which frowns were never seen ;
Fondly commingling with ours her tears,
A changeless friend hath our mother been.

And is it for this we could slight her now ?
When her failing strength speaks of time's decay ;
When every line, which has crossed her brow,
Doth of sorrows tell in its own sad way.

A story of hopes that have blighted been,
But so brightly shone in their dawning ray ;
Clothing her life in the circling sheen,
Of a love that fled with the past away.

A story of care, and tears, and woe,
Of vanished wealth, and of friends turned cold :
Whose smiles were sweet in the long ago,
But away with the things of time have rolled.

Oh ! let us cherish and love her more,
As the silver hairs with the raven blend ;
'Tis but yielding in duty the love she bore,
Which but with the fever of life will end.

Smile, dear mother, for love shall cling,
True and unfading, thy years around ;
And its circling light must gladness bring,
Where sorrow and tears have too oft been found.

REMINISCENCES.

Looking back through the mist of long years that are shaded,
 By dews of the past looming distant and fair,
 Loved forms I can trace e'er their beauty had faded,
 At time's cruel touch, or earth's cankering care.

And there, gleaming white from the trees which surround it,
 The dearly loved home of my childhood I see
 Through my fast-falling tears, for my fond heart hath bound it
 In memory's casket a jewel to be.

In its beauty unchanged, since by youth's careless fingers,
 The blossoms were culled from each clustering bough,

And lovingly round it my fancy still lingers,
 Lifting shadows of time in its light from my brow.

And ~~over~~ around it, in freshness and beauty,
 Stands the tree which, in forest and field, must be king;—
 That its noble name gave to that home, which, in duty
 To love's fervent breathings, the memory I sing.

* * * * *

Ah! there is the lattice, whose stanchion so faithless,
 Neglected its trust; and where love, as of old,
 Laughed at bars and at locksmiths, escaping all scathless,
 Nor daring to rest, till the circle of gold

Shone bright from thy finger, my sister, disclosing
 The lie that for life had thy freedom enchained;
 And thou, in thy heart's purest trust, ne'er supposing
 That love could depart while on earth he remained.

Oh! fair was her brow, when the bridal wreath bound it,—
 All bright from the folds of her soft shining hair;
 And the day has been blessed, for the halo around it
 Hath its beauty retained, never dimm'd by despair.

Soon vanish'd the storm, for the year had scarce ended
 E'er again in the home of her girlhood she smiled;
 And her father's roof o'er her its sweet shade extended,
 When her lips learnt to pray for her first darling child.

* * * * *

On, on speeds the tyrant, with brow unrelenting,
 In sunshine or shadow, in joy or despair;
 No sympathy he for our smiles or lamenting,
 We trace him by furrows and silvery hair!

By chairs that are vacant, by hearths that are lonely ;
 By faces familiar, that cheer us no more ;
 By the sadness that dwells on the lips where we only
 Saw smiles in the past, e'er hope's visions were o'er.

E'er youth's sunny hours, with their brightness departed,
 Or hearts that so loved us, lay under the mould ;
 For the gayest of all have grown sad and faint-hearted,
 Who lured us with song, have to music grown cold.

How sad was the hour—oft in dangers predicted ;
 A life's sands were number'd—a spirit must fly !
 Dear brother departed, in life how afflicted !
 In the first flush of manhood, how sad 'twas to die !

And how sudden the blow—not a farewell was spoken,
 But rudely the thread of thy life snapp'd in twain ;
 Every tie that had bound thee to earth rudely broken ;
 Dear brother, farewell ! beyond passion or pain.

* * * * *

Unman'd by the clouds, which their shadows cast o'er him,
 The husband and father a wanderer came ;
 His wife and his children, behind, and before him,
 The measureless ocean and wealth he might claim.

Oh ! what were his feelings, as faintly behind him
 The landscape familiar was fading so fast ?
 Say, would not his tears as a veil serve to blind him.
 From that agoniz'd gaze, which is ever the last ?

The deep-heaving ocean, beneath and around him ;—
 The ship speeding fast on bright wings through the gale :
 Ah ! where are the ties which from childhood have bound him ?
 None weep for his sorrows ! each breast hath its wail !

Each heart hath its anguish ! each bosom its yearning !
 And sad were our lot, could we fathom its woe ;
 Yet of such is our life, and on earth we are earning ;
 Or glory above, or dread horror below.

But blest, 'mid life's changes, are those who can travel ;
 Who each unto each have sweet sympathy shown ;
 Who together the web of the future unravel ;
 And in grief or in joy, weep or smile not alone.

Then, then may the cold world or smile, or be scornful,
 It wakes not our feelings, we crave not its love ;
 But sad must that heart be—that spirit, how mournful !
 Which in calm or in tempest, still looks not above.

I have asked of the stars, as they glittered above me,—
 Oh ! say, Know ye aught of that father of mine ?
 Does he live ? is he well ? does he think of, or love me ?
 Does he ne'er for the land of his boyhood repine ?

I have lingered in awe for the answer that came not ;
 The wind's sullen murmur swept sad through the trees ;
 Oh ! why did he leave us in life, to return not,
 Or, trembles his bosom with feelings like these ?

Oh ! had not their mother's fond love elung around them,
 A haven of peace for their spirits' unrest ;—
 To her half-broken heart in sweet tenderness bound them,—
 Oh ! where had they wandered—unknown and unblest ?

Oh ! where had they wandered,—whose childhood was tended
 With comforts of wealth, but whose youth was o'er cast ;—
 And but with each life shall the struggle be ended,—
 Should fortune not smile to their crowning at last ?

Yet not sad shall their hearts be, but strengthened the rather.
 As firm from each slight shall their spirits rebound ;
 Looking upwards to Him of lone orphans, the Father,
 Who, in love or in mercy, not wanting is found !

Then courage, my dearest ! life's path is before you,
 Though the thorns and the roses lie mingled around ;
 Earth hath many to love,—the blue heavens are o'er you,
 And One is o'er all who hath wisdom profound !

* * * * *

How sweet rang the chimes on a fair Christmas morning
 Through the stately Cathedral's far sweeping aisles ;
 How light were their footsteps, how rich the adorning,
 Of hearts with their bliss, and of lips with their smiles !

With what trust in their hearts knelt the youth and the maiden,
 The future, ne'er dreading—the present, how fair !
 May their life's path be smooth, with sweet happiness laden,
 Each breeze of the summer, each breath of the air.

For she, who that morn had her early vows plighted,
Hath an inspring of joy which no ill can remove ;
By a rite, sweet and holy, to Jesus united,
A saint of His Church, and a child of His love !

How I love those grey walls, for a memory hangs o'er them,
All bright through the past shines a vision of joy !
Of hearts that united, saw life bright before them,
And fondly they deem'd naught their love could destroy.

Only then, had my footsteps those sacred walls entered ;
'Twas a dark winter day, but no gloom could I see,
For round that high altar my thoughts were all center'd,
And one by my side who the world was to me !

Oh ! years may pass quickly, and age fall around me,
Yet clear to the last shall that vision prevail ;
That Cathedral be loved where such sweet fetters bound me,
When my hair hath turned white, and my cheek hath grown
pale.

Thrice woven the spell that should bind thee for ever
To those who have knelt and pledged faith at thy shrine,
In the pride of their youth to be fond—faithless never ;
Could vows from a warm heart be truer than mine ?

Thou, too, though so youthful a husband and father,
Ere the bloom of thy boyhood in woe died away ;
May her love cling around thee, though tempest should gather,
To bless and to cheer thee through life's changing day.

Then last, but not least, in our thoughts and affection,
His mother's young darling—the hope of her age !
The star of her thoughts in sad hours of dejection !
Who hath tasted the bitters on life's chequered page.

May her hope not be vain, but his love be the haven
Where the weary-toss'd bark from the tempest shall rest ;
And what time can efface not, oh ! sweetly be graven,
In letters of love, her dear name in his breast.

May her evening of life be all calm in its closing ;—
More bright, like the sun, when his setting is near ;
In the love of her children so sweetly reposing,
And of time, fleeting onward, each moment more dear.

EVANGELINE.

Her home was bright, a fairy bower,
With song of bird and bloom of flower;
And fountains cool that bubbling played,
Whose clear spray flashed in the linden shade.

And love had strewn with lavish hand,
Perfume and toy from every land;
To please the eye, delight the sense,
And crowned was all with love intense,

Impassioned, warm, as e'er had birth,
Upon her childhood's sun blessed earth;
He had woo'd her in lands beyond the sea,
Where her mother sleeps neath the tamarind tree.

And such passionate love in her soul was rife,
That she wept not to leave him who gave her life,
But cheerfully over the dark blue sea,
She came with the lord of her destiny.

Her step was so light that it scarce could press
From the flowers the dew of their loveliness;
Her face was so fair, and her dark eyes shone,
'Twas the spirit of brightness you gazed upon.

She followed the deer to their green retreat,
With a heart as gay and a step as fleet;
And she loved in the sunny noons to lie,
With gaze upturned to the summer sky,

Where the clouds which float o'er its smiling blue,
From the sun's bright glance take a golden hue;
Came to her heart with a chilling fear,
That life was too happy, death too near.

By crimson cheek and fluttering breath,
And failing step, he knew 'twas death;
'To change earth's beauty, and all it gave,
Love's pillowing breast, for the loathsome grave.

But only in silence, apart she wept,
And ever a smile for him she kept;
He must not know of her breaking heart,
Nor the pang it gave her from him to part.

Whose love had made her life complete,
Who sought her ever with hastening feet;
To hide his anguish in vain he strove,
His soul's bright idol, his bride, his love.

* * * * *

No ripple to stir the lake's calm breast,
Her boat lay idle, its oar at rest;
No song for the birds in the greenwood slept,
Save one on the linden that vigil kept.

Through the valley the notes of his last sweet strain,
Had the echoes scarce slept ere he sang again;
More thrillingly mournful, more movingly sweet,
The exquisite cadences blend and meet.

Till the soul might forget its earthly woe,
And heavenly longings within it grow;
Sing on sweet bird through the eve's dark hours,
Meet that thy love were a queen among flowers.

And meet that thou eatest in song thy breast,
In the lone-sweet hours of calm and rest;
How lovely the night, how soft and still,
The young moon's disc o'er the pine-crowned hill.

One pure pale star is beside her there,
And Earth and Heaven alike are fair.

* * * * *

But deaf to the song in the linden tree,
And blind to beauty he will not see;
Brings one his grief to the solitude,
Of the woodland shades where none intrude.

Prone on the turf, none, none may see,
Where the strong man wrestles in agony;
No light grief this to be soon forgot,
His life's life quenched since she is not.

Traced on his brow for one night's despair,
How deep the lines which are furrowed there;
And the fire and the pride in his eye that shone,
From that dread hour, are for ever gone.

Then he rises silent and pale and stern.
From his brow no eye of his woe shall learn,
He hears the wind through the pine trees moan,
And in anguish breatheth alone—alone.

B E R E A V E D .

I know a young mother, how sweet and fair,
With her raven curls and her snowy brow ;
And such lustrous eyes, though the look they wear,
It saddens my spirit to gaze on now.

Oh ! not long does it seem since that morn so fair,
When a bridal cortege swept proudly by ;
And merry bells rang through the balmy air,
And how lovely the bride on each lip—the cry.

And life sped on like a golden dream
Of cloudless skies and summer flowers ;
For the wide wide earth did an Eden seem,
And they the blest in its garden bowers.

And God in His wisdom to love and bless,
Had given of His bounty with royal hand ;
For an infant smiled to each fond caress,
And a little world was that household band.

'Twas his father's locks that lent the shade
Of golden gleam to that baby brow ;
But his mother's smile round his sweet lips played,
His mother that mourns him in anguish now.

Oh ! the delicate bloom of that pearly cheek
Was like tint of rose upon ivory thrown ;
And the deep blue eyes of innocence speak,
Such as but infant years have known.

Oh well might she prize him, her gentle child,
Her bright and her beautiful fair-haired boy ;
And well might she mourn him in agony wild,
The hope of her life of her being the joy.

I stood by her side, 'twas an Autumn eve,
And I knew that her love was a worship wild ;
And I gently whispered Oh ! how would it grieve
Your heart, sweet mother, to lose your child.

I turned from her gaze with a dread in my heart,
Which I feared to interpret, so vague did it seem ;
For her lips white with terror were fixed and apart,
And her glances appalled me, so wild in their gleam.

Then closer she clasped him and wildly she prayed,
“ O Father have mercy and spare him to me,
Take of wealth what thou wilt, still shall honour be paid,
But my darling, oh ! leave him a blessing to be.

Take of wealth what thou wilt, not a murmur shall fall,
From the lips that have shrined Thee, their God evermore ;
But bereave not my life, nor my senses appall,
For my full heart would break ere the burden it bore.

Take of wealth what thou wilt, it is thine at command,
And with loved ones around us, not much we require ;
Take it all and it please Thee, withhold not Thine hand,
But my treasures, oh ! touch not, my babe and its sire.

Oh ! soon shall his lips lisp sweet murmurs of praise,
I will teach him Thy precepts, and tell him Thy love ;
I will lead his young feet in Thy wisdom's pure ways,
And fit him to serve Thee in glory above.”

I wept as she prayed, for her heart on her lips
Seemed breaking in anguish her strength to consume ;
And I feared for her reason should sorrow eclipse
The sweet hopes of her life in the pride of their bloom.

She kneels by his cot when the chill evening falls,
For winter around hath his white mantle thrown ;
But no chill can be felt in those warm curtained walls,
Tho' the wind sweeps around them with low wailing moan.

In her deep yearning love all impatient to press
His sweet brow with her lips ere the day beams are spread,
She comes, but to gaze on that calm loveliness,
For her idol is broken, her darling is dead.

Oh! the seal of Heaven was sweetly set
On the marble calm of that angel brow;
No more shall his eyelids with tears be wet,
A cherubim bright with his Father now.

O could you have seen but that shaded room,
And the snow-white couch that within was spread
With choicest flowers in their early bloom,
That were gathered to honour the youthful dead,

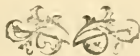
They have borne him away, and the hall that rung
To his silvery laughter is silent and lone;
And his cot and bower with dark drapery hung,
Seems to mourn the sweet presence from earth ever flown.

Poor childless mother, with tearless eye,
And quivering lip and burning brow;
She saw the bright hope of her life sweep by,
And murmured there's naught I can live for now.

Oh! still she is blessed in the love so true,
That closer for sorrow clings now to her side;
And fain would each shadow of evil pursue,
So tenderly loves he his sorrowing bride.

Oh! Eunice, my darling, take comfort, he said,
There is one, even God, whom our weakness doth know;
He can soften the storm to the uncovered head,
And will strength to our day, if we ask it, bestow.

The cloud that around hath its canopy thrown,
Is with silver enlind, and our spirits shall soar;
From the furnace all pure, earthly glory has flown,
But in Heaven there's rejoicing for one angel more.



T R U E .

And wilt thou share my gallant bark, and wilt thou be its queen,
Through all the dangers that may flash dark changes o'er the
scene,

Shall the suns arise in glory, and the holy stars look down,
On our hearts till death united, though Fortune smile or frown?

There are guests within thy father's hall, and there like water
poured,

In crystal goblets clear and bright the rich wine crowns the board,
But thou, the loveliest of the throng, art here alone with me,
And I, the barque awaiteth which must bear me far from thee.

But I swear by all the constant stars that gem yon azure dome,
That never from its plighted faith shall my true heart e'er roam,
In storm and calm, through shade and shine, come weal or wildest
woe,

Thou shalt be mine, I will be thine, sweet love, where'er I go.

I may tarry now no longer, for the hour is on the wane,
My Flora spreads her pinions to bear me o'er the main,
My gallant white-winged Flora, no eagle soaring free,
Ere cleft the air so proudly as she the foaming sea.

And wilt thou think of me, love, when I am far away?
When o'er these placid waters the storm king holdeth sway;
If in thy humid eye, love, I may read mine answer now,
No king was e'er so happy with a crown upon his brow.

No king upon his royal throne, though bright eyes on him shine,
E'er sought for answering tenderness in orbs more clear than thine,
Ah! love, thine eyes are strangely bright, thy face is wondrous
fair,
And glorious in its ebon gleam, thy crown of shining hair.

I will bring thee gems, but well I know, thine eyes can dim their
shine,
And orient pearls, but sweet no pearl may match that brow of
thine,
But e'er our clasped hands sever and e'er we say farewell,
I would hear the voice which round me hath cast love's fairy spell.

Thy tones are strangely sweet, love, they thrill my soul to hear,
O let thy pure lips whisper once more that I am dear ;
Now bless thee for thy cheering words, and low-soft tones of love,
And bless thee for thy trusting faith which bids me look above.

I shall hear afar thy whisper, and see thine upraised hand,
Thy love, our Father ruleth o'er the sea, as o'er the land,
In an isle the summer loveth, beyond yon southern sea,
Ere my feet shall press these shores again, I'll build a home for thee,

Where the vine shall hang its clusters, the lotus flower arise,
And the pomegranate and lily beneath those bluer skies,
The rose shall breathe from blooming lips, the willow lend its green,
And I will be thy gallant knight, and thou, mine island queen.

Farewell, the light breeze freshly blows, farewell, for I away,
Full many a tiresome league must be, ere dawns the coming day ;
The boat is lowered, the signal fired, the snowy sails expand,
Farewell, my love, my bride, my life, farewell my native land.

* * * * *

Alone upon the shingly beach, no step save hers is there,
And soft the holy moonlight falls in blessing on her hair,
But deep within her warm true heart her buried love must lie,
No grief must cloud her brow to-night, no tear drop dim her eye.

Her step is languid in the dance, her heart is on the wing,
With her brave young sailor lover, her hero, and her king,
She heeds not that low words of praise are murmured in her ear,
She can but see the lowering heaven whose thunders mutter near.

It comes at last, the flood gates ope, the storm raged fearful then,
Before Jehovah's arm outstretched, what wrecks the aid of men.
And through the pauses of the storm, came faint across the foam,
The gun which spoke some vessel's fear, she had looked her last on home.

Oh night of sickening deadly fear, but to be spent in prayer,
Yet prayed she with unwavering trust, calm in her great despair,
And with the first faint ray of dawn down to the beach she came,
To read upon a shattered board the letters of her name

The "Flora," sure her eyes can see, but scarce her sense can know,
Not all at once her soul can reach the fierce o'ermastering woe,
On azure ground the letters white, she spells half frenzied o'er,
Then reeling, falls upon the sand, and knows and feel no more.

Is this the sea whose laughing waves beneath the sun rays gleam
Which in its wrathful fury broke her young life's happy dream,
That rent the stout oak in its pride, while tempests girt her round,
Till havoc from its covert sprang, and death was in the sound?

Is this the sky so clear and bright, so smiling and serene,
An azure dream of loveliness, as ne'er a storm had been,
That frowned upon the sinking ship, all bravely battling still,
Till to her helm she answered not, and the wild sea had its will?

She saw him tread the reeling deck, while waves rolled mountains
high,

She saw his glance the dark Heaven sweep, one pale star to descry,
Yet heart and voice alike were firm, kind words of cheer he gave,
The last to leave the parting planks, unto the end so brave.

Oh dreary world where thou art not, oh cruel craving sea,
Oh darling of my tortured heart, would I had died with thee,
Scarcely her trembling limbs can bear, she riseth pale and still,
My Father, give me strength, she cries, to do Thine holy will.

Oh treacherous hope that whispered not in that dark hour to cheer,
Of one who from the deep was drawn when death seemed strangely
near,

When sight, and voice, and thought had fled, and hardly life
remained,

Now tossing on his cabin bed in wild delirium chained.

* * * * *

'Tis a bronzed and bearded stranger from a land beyond the sea,
And lines have crossed his brow's proud calm, few though his years
could be,

In eager haste the shore is reached, and from his lip there came,
Shook by the tremour at his heart, the one beloved name.

They met upon the quiet shore in one enraptured hour,
And joy from streaming vials poured had thrilled them with its
power,

In the sweet shelter of his love, no sorrow shall she know,
One faithful breast, one strong right arm, between her and all woe.

IN MEMORIAM.

Before the sturdy reapers fall the sheaves, all golden bright.
 Stands the old Church, grey and solemn, in the rich September
 light;

Fair from heaven falls the noontide, and the river ripples by;
 Merry birds among the branches, green the earth, and blue the
 sky;

'Tis a baptism of glory, for the Giver's royal hand
 Crowns the Autumn hours with fulness, scatters blessings o'er
 the land.

But not the corn fields waving, nor the waters in their play,
 Nor the glad, sweet sunlight streaming, calleth from their homes
 to-day,—

All the crowds that, gathering slowly, come from many miles
 around.

All converging to one centre, all on one sad errand bound;
 And, in dark and painful contrast, to the sparkle and the glow,
 Come the band of black-robed mourners, treading mournfully and
 slow;

While the sun in splendour shineth, all untouched by human woe;
 And the coffin, borne before them, holdeth in its oaken shell
 Whom the hand of death hath stricken one,—how widely loved
 and well;

In the glory of his manhood, ere his years had passed their prime,
 Or, mantling o'er his tresses, fell the silver grey of time.

Oh! envious grave! too early fill'd; oh, shaft! too swiftly sped:
 'Tis a whole community that mourns in sorrow for the dead.

Though the loss be universal, which we all in common share,
 What grief is like his mother's grief, so heard to meet and bear.

Oh! thrice bereaved mother, deep sympathy is found
 For thee in every feeling heart through the wide country round;
 And many a prayer that grace be given to bear the crushing
 blow;

'Tis some wise end to answer, else God had not tried thee so.
 Though the words may fall unheeded, yet is their meaning sweet.

Oh! bear thy load of anguish unto the Saviour's feet;
 He knoweth what the heart can bear when woe hath o'er it swept,
 And hath he not, in love supreme, for human sorrow wept?

Past the closed and shrouded windows slowly moves the funeral
 train.

And the sod, so lately lifted twice, is lifted once again.

Baby lips, whose breath is sweeter than sweetest perfumes are ;
 Baby eyes, whose lustrous shining 'tis sad that tears should mar ;
 Fondling arms, so closely clinging, and merry pattering feet ;
 Little heart, with love o'erflowing, so innocent and sweet ;
 I had not clasped thee, darling, unto my breast to-day,
 But for his care, who from our midst too soon hath passed away ;
 For feeble seemed thy chance for life, dull eye, and labouring
 breath,

And we who knelt beside thy bed well deemed it one of Death.
 Its shadow o'er the threshold fell, its angel's wing drooped near,
 The stars shone cold and pitiless, the low wind whispered fear ;
 Hope lived anew, when by thy side HE took his patient stand,
 And baffled fever fled the skill that marked a master's hand.

Surely God has blessed his labours along mercy's silent ways,
 Till the deeds by mens' lips spoken win a warmer word than
 praise ;

Mid all the glowing eulogies, his bright career call forth,
 Here be my tribute rendered, though weak and little worth.
 So long as kind unselfish deeds to move men's hearts have power,
 The annals of our town shall bear the name of Doctor Bower.

P O E M S .

Thou spirit, blest and beautiful, whose sweet pervading power
 Illumes with more than earthly light the poet's musing hour ;
 Whose tender breathings ever clothe the soul that at thy shrine
 Bendeth in loving ecstasy, a laurel wreath to twine.

And proud for thee, that glorious hour, when the rejoicing earth
 Thrilled to the notes that angels sang, proclaiming Jesu's birth ;
 Pure from his lips thy language came, who raised the widow's
 son,

Who gathered children in His arms, and blessed them one by
 one.

The soul unto thy voice is stirred when morning clears the skies,
 And sweet from nature's myriad strings the swelling anthems rise ;
 When the birds their matchless peans rain from every trembling
 spray,
 And the earth in beauty widely smiles beneath the new-born day.

Wood unto wood in echo cries, and leaping rill to rill,
 To praise their great Creator's name, nor shall my voice be still ;
 Still shalt thou live when peace hath crowned with smiles the
 flowery plains,
 As when, o'er homes made desolate, the God of vengeance reigns.

Thou art in the mother's pleading prayer for the form so white
 and wan,
 In her silent grief, so meekly borne, o'er hope for ever gone ;
 In the tender beauty that she sees in every broken toy,
 All that his tiny hands have held, that blue-eyed Baby boy.

That little boot, though old and worn, not earth's bright gold
 could buy,
 A link that softly bindeth, yet a tender cherished tie ;
 And where no careless hand may touch, save hers in love and
 prayer,
 Where her wild tears like rain are poured, a tress of golden hair.

Sweet relics of the happy past, when joy within her sprang,
 Ere mid the baby angels bright her cherub infant sang ;
 There's poesy when soft winds sigh o'er summer flowerets fair,
 And in the mighty thunder tone, that shakes the ambient air,

Where the evening bells are softly heard through solitudes afar,
 And clustering daisies gem the sod beneath the eve's lone star ;
 Thy voice in powerful cadence speaks where strong proud billows
 rave,

And hovers o'er that peaceful spot, the Christian's lowly grave.
 No heart so sad but thou canst cheer,—light for the darksome
 hour,
 As grateful fragrance lingers yet round the crushed and broken
 flower ;
 Thy ray can thrill the dreariest life upon the earth's green sod.
 But PERFECT only where it swells the golden choir of God.

A BIRTHDAY MUSING.

Snow heralds thy birthday my bright-eyed boy,
 The fourth that around thee hath rolled in joy ;
 To the deepening shade of thy clustering hair,
 In gathering smiles for thy brow to wear.

Four changing years of toil and strife,
Through fitful phases of daily life;
Of blessings, and crosses, of hopes and fears,
Of the weary fled from this vale of tears.

Of furrows deepened on manly brows,
Of dark locks whitened to winter snows,
Of sorrow-shadowing youth's sweet smile,
As his heart awakens to earthly guile.

Oh years, short years, how swift ye fly,
On silent pinions ye pass us by,
If we read the story ye darkly tell,
If o'er its pathos we ponder well.

Pluck a drifting leaf by the wild breeze hurled,
Ere from our clasping away 'tis whirled;
And swiftly read ere the night comes on,
And the day is done, and the light is gone.

A thousand ills on the page we trace,
Allied for ever to Adam's race;
Of the poor who sow and the rich who reap,
Of nations sunk in a stupor sleep.

Where each heart hath an idol, and blind he kneels,
Till crushed to death by the silent wheels,
Oh wilful blindness, the short hours fly,
Alike unmindful of smile and sigh.

And death and despair on their wings are borne,
For we care not to live, for the lost to mourn;
There's an aching void where joys sweet flowers,
Bloomed for the loved in those bygone hours.

Oh passing years, we have loved ye long,
We have brightened your presence with dance and song,
Yet we may not keep you nor call ye ours,
Or ye leave us, weeping, o'er wind-swept bowers.

Oh Time, thy sword is for ever keen,
The mightiest reaper the world has seen;
The dead are crowding the field and glade,
A sound of weeping thy voice hath made.

Calling the hoary to peace and rest,
Snatching the babe from its mother's breast ;
And the budding promise, so fair to see,
In the breast of manhood must yield to thee.

The young, the heary, the proud and high,
Peasant and King must together lie ;
In palace hall, as in lowly cot,
None, none on earth are by thee forgot.

Let thy chilling breath through the castle blow,
And the throne is empty, the sceptre low ;
How still he lies who so proudly trod,
Exacting homage, defrauding God.

Each son of earth to thy will must bow,
Thou monarch unyielding of stony brow ;
But summer and winter o'er land and sea,
Have brought but blessing my child for thee.

There's an earnest light in thy soft dark eye,
And winning grace, as thy step flits by ;
I could wish for my darling a poet's fame,
A mystic grace is around the name.

That breathing thoughts and words of fire,
Should swell his heart, and grace his lyre—
But should not this in his future be,
May his heart be pure and his spirit free.

With a kindly hand for tottering age,
Unsullied by meanness his youth's fair page ;
And musing moments can rend the veil,
For the future chaims as an unrcad tale.

Ever bright the landscape and fair the scene,
With no darkening shadows to fall between ;
Afar I see thee, bright, brave, and fair,
My life declining, thy joy and care.

A tenderness sweet for thy mother's years,
In affection pure, to calm my fears ;
Brightening each gathering cloud away,
Till closes the scene, on life's ended day.

H O P E O N

Hope on, hope ever, though the clouds hang low ;
Though sorrow chills the sunlight of thy home ;
Though cold in death the heart that loved thee so ;
Yea, though through earth an alien thou may'st roam.

'Tis ever thus, for man, of woman born,
Must live and suffer ere the goal be won ,
Yet, do we know that hour before the dawn
Is still the darkest and the drearest one.

Throw off the gloom that shrouds thy earnest soul ;
Raise to the light thy pale, despairing brow ;
Omniscient grace must spurn our weak control ;
Hope thou and live, for God is gracious now.

Now is the time, the dear accepted time ;
Salvation's day ; oh, let it not pass by ;
How knowest thou but the next midnight's chime
Might prove thy summons cold and still to lie.

Not without hope a Christian's tear drops flow,
On whom God loveth will his chastenings fall ;
From sore temptation, and from grief below,
Up shall he mount, and joy shall crown them all.

And oh, for comfort, cheer some sinking heart,
And kindly tell where hope and glory lie ;
Out of thy store new faith in life impart,
And strength and solace shall thou gain thereby.

Seek thou the haunts where crime abounds and woe,
Where sin's dark river widens as it flows,
Till grown so vast no bound its waves can know,
As o'er each soul the turbid waters close.

Lift thou the veil that shrouds some sufferer there ;
Whisper of God, and bid the stricken live ;
With fervent soul breathe thou for him a prayer ;
Would'st thou have comfort, thou must comfort give.

As the uprising of the glorious sun
Gives to the earth its clear, illumined ray,
So hope's sweet light can cheer the joyless one,
And spread with flowers his dark and desert way.

Like morning mists thy gloom shall from thee fly ;
 Should mercy's work thy heart and thoughts engage,
 Serene and blue, without a cloud, thy sky,
 And bright thy name upon a deathless page.

Hope on, despair not, though thy foes prevail,
 God lives and reigns, though veiled His purpose be !
 Fear not the pangs which make thy cheek grow pale !
 Doubt not His love, who bled on Calvary's tree !

Though mocked and scourged, yet all He meekly bore,
 Though at His wish bright legions from above
 Had round him thronged, and deluged earth with gore
 And canst thou doubt His wise and wondrous love ?

A M E M O R Y .

Soft o'er my spirit a light is stealing,
 And in its glory I see thee stand ;
 The clouds roll back, the blue revealing
 Of the sky that hung o'er youth's fairy land.
 Oh, happy hours, too sweet to linger
 Yet a reffluent ray do ye softly fling,
 While hope's fair plant puts forth one blossom,
 To whisper in winter sweet thoughts of spring.
 To the song I sing thou wilt surely listen,
 My heart's sweet sister in days gone by ;
 When the world we saw lay flushed with sunrise,
 Nor clouds stayed long in the smiling sky.
 O sunny banks of the rippling river,
 Whose murmurous music so filled the hours
 That we gave no heed to the prophet breezes,
 Whose warning voices swept o'er the flowers.
 Do we pause to think when the sun is shining,
 That clouds will gather, and rain will fall ?
 Or strive to meet, without repining,
 The crosses which are the lot of all.
 They are only apples the trees are bearing,
 But THEN they were globes of golden bloom ;
 They are only flowers the earth is wearing,
 That were woven gems from an angel's loom.

We both had sisters, and loved them dearly,
On the same white pillow they took their rest ;
But our hearts, in a closer bond entwining,
Had shrined each other as first and best.

Ah ! surely those were our golden days, love,
When our childish troubles were all confessed,
For our mother's heart came forth to meet them,
And we wept our tears on her gentle breast.

Earth gives no love that is like a mother's,
That would bear our burden, and feel our pain ;
She foldeth her care like a robe around us,
And counts no loss which may prove our gain.

O'er her cradled babe how she fondly bendeth ;
No sun must dazzle, no breeze must blow ;
And the love so early given, but endeth
When her dear head lieth cold and low.

Yet the years bring griefs which her hand can ease not,
Which her gentle heart almost breaks to share ;
Griefs that dim the eye with weeping,
And across the brow write lines of care.

Oh, gather it close to thy heart and wear it,
For of all the blessings which, from above,
God sends to lighten our earthly sorrows,
No gift so sweet as a mother's love.

Across my pathway the shadow leaneth,
But light unfaltering doth o'er thee shine ;
Thy father's faithful love hath blessed thee,
Watched every hour that has yet been thine.

Yet let me bear my burden meekly,
Remembering God is my father still,
Who knoweth all the spirit's yearnings,
And sorrows are angels that work His will.

Thy girlhood's home around and o'er thee,
And thy brow is bright 'neath the first-born's crown ;
In all the years that may lie before thee,
May no trouble sadden, no dark fate frown.

Could I send thee a joy to bless each morrow
Or my heart's fond prayer avail on high,
Then thy life should be free from sorrow,
Thine eyes, from weeping, for ever dry.

“ TREU END FEST. ” *

A treacherous calm o'er Europe broods prophetic eyes can see
The flash of steel ere swords are drawn, the battle ere it be ;
The tramp of steeds, the clash of arms, the banners waving high,
The cannon's roar, the sulphurous smoke, that rising veils the
sky.

And more: the slain in thousands heaped, who stood so brave
and fair,
To glut a tyrant's rage, for blood mowed down like harvest
there ;
Not ours to dread, our monarch's foot stands on no despot's
throne,
And fear, within a Briton's heart, a feeling all unknown.

Long, long may yet Victoria reign, whom crowned our eyes have
seen,

With every virtue that could grace the woman and the Queen ;
In sable robes and sadden'd brow, she mourns the love that
threw

Its beauty round her bridehood's hours, and fonder, deeper grew.

As sped each swift year to its close, till one, the saddest, came,
Which left her of that changeless trust—a memory and a name ;
From the splendours of her royal state, in grief she turned aside,
To weep for him who, in the pride of his bright manhood, died.

The memory of her buried love, the bliss that hers had been,
Dearer unto the gentle heart of Albert's widowed Queen ;
Around her brow fame's fairest flowers in amaranth wreath shall
twine ;

Victoria, noblest, best beloved, of all her royal line.

They live who say that England's might declineth with the
years ;

Who dare, in base, unmanly speech, to air their coward fears ?
Such direful chance might sure befall, as name and glory riven,
If, to THEIR lagging swords, THEIR fainting hearts to win or lose
were given.

For fierce the conflict, wild the strife, and red the rivers flow
With the heart's blood of her gallant sons, ere in the dust lay
low

• True and Faithful.

The banner of old England's pride. Not hers to fear a foe ;
Not hers to blench, not hers one inch of hallowed ground to
yield ;

Too oft as conqueror has she stood on many a bloody field ;
Too oft along her streaming decks have hero footsteps trod,
While rang the war cry, loud and long, "For England and for
God."

Yet, yet, unmatched on land or sea, our race of steeds and men ;
Yet, yet, our flag unchallenged waves, stand back, ye boasters,
then !

Upon the lion's armed sleep tread not too boldly nigh,
For blinding bright, the stormy light, in his awakening eye.

His claws, though sheathed, are keen and bright, his roar can
reach the sky,

And when he stands in kingly might, and shakes his mane on
high,

With fearless brow, bared to the light, he scorns to flinch or fly,
And when he girds him for the fight, he dares to win or die.

Nor end nor issue can he see, but "death or glorious victory."
In one stern hour on his brow comes down a hero's shroud or a
victor's crown ;

* * * * *

And if in times that are not yet, should break the battle morn—
The dawning of that day shall see not England named in scorn.
Stern as the hour her sons would rise. Rallying the standard round,
The stout of heart and strong of limb would stern-faced men be
found,

Rooted in proud resistless strength, their feet on freedom's sward.
No swords as theirs strike sternly deep, who have happy homes
to guard.

Whose little children fearless sport upon the daisied sod,
Shall these 'neath a despot's sway be reared,—forbid it freedom's
God ;

The blood that warmed their sires of old would mantling reach
the brow ;

Each hand a hero's sword would grasp ; honour's avengers now.

The record of that deathless day on history's page would shine,
To unborn ages, witness proud, girt with a golden line ;
How men like lions fought and fell, how seas of blood were shed,
"God and the right," their cry of might, brave soldiers bravely
led.

And of that time in tears were told, where mingling thousands
trod,

No Eastern sunsets reddest fires so lit the ensanguined sod ;
And well 'twere so, or in the van, outraging nature's law,
Seen of their race, and in their land what Saragossa saw.

And if within one recreant heart its spark of patriot fire
Burned not to fling the challenge back in blaze of righteous ire ;
Who felt his arm not match for ten, breathed not with conscious
power,
Or grudged his country life or limb in her imperill'd hour.

Nor meet that o'er his craven brow the red-cross banner wave ;
His foot pollution on the soil his fathers bled to save ;
Let the FIRST death shot find his heart, give him a traitor's
grave.

* * * * *

Isle after isle along the deep hath won us bright renown ;
Far India shines the fairest gem that decks her monarch's crown.
Long, long may peace smile o'er the land where tread the free
and brave ;

Let the fettered foot touch ship or shore, a man, no more a slave ;

A man by every royal right—by every human tie ;

And in his Maker's image framed, albeit of ebony :

Strike the foul fetters from his limbs, God made them to be free ;
And free they shall be on thy shores as waves that around thee
foam ;

Whose glorious name is FIRST in fame—mine own loved Island
Home.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

When hues are richly blending in the glory-lighted West,
And the sky is like a bright blue wave, with flaming golden crest ;
While the kingly sun sinks brightly 'neath his canopy of gold,
And fair and far the glory streams from every sweeping fold ;
While o'er the sombre forest, and purple moorland far,
As swiftly drawn by hands unseen, the night's cloud curtains are.

As the twilight shadows deepen, and the yet unlighted room
Is peopled with the dreamy past, like pictures in the gloom ;
What mocking visions rise, to bless, ere silently away

They flit into the misty night as shadowy as they ;
In the hushed and solemn stillness, with what fond and tender
care,
Is lifted from its sleeping place, that tress of shining hair.

Oh ! once it crowned in laughing light a sinless baby brow,
But of the love so pure and sweet, but this and memory now ;
The flickering firelight flashes that tear-bathed tress above,
But where is He, whose tiniest wail would start the tear of love ;
Oh naught but time the wound can heal, or bridge the chasm o'er,
For woven in with daily life are memories of yore.

And who shall tell the agony save only those who kneel,
When prayer avails not for the loved, to watch the shadow steal ;
The awful presence nearer glide, and from the suffering brow
To wipe the beaded drops, and feel that love is useless now ;
And when the last faint sigh is given, the freed soul outward flown,
When life is but one stretch of pain, one long-continued moan ;

When sense and spirit sink beneath the weight of anguished tears,
And reason's sceptre loosely grasped, wakes friendship's ardent
fears.

We see with dim and aching sight, the casket, not the gem ;
The brow so calm and holy, not the spirit's diadem ;
Though dark and deep the stream of death, yet bright the wait-
ing shore,
And gentle are the angel hands, which bear the lost one o'er.

Lent was the tiny volume, from God's library of love,
In undimm'd purity recalled, and bound in gold above ;
Where none but angel eyes may glance at page so purely fair,
The while some heavenly cadence flows from golden harp strings
there ;
A chord of sweetest music snapped, ere ended was the strain,
A tiny stream whose waters loved the blossom-shaded plain,

Where many a bud of promise sprung, but scarce its sweets dis-
played
Ere death's cold frost the streamlet chilled the blossom lowly laid.
Weep not the little nestling dove, so oft in rapture pressed,
That found its sweetest, dearest home upon its mother's breast ;
His golden curls yet fairer gleam, his blue eyes brighter shine,
A white-winged cherub sweetly zoned beside the throne divine ;

The little loving lip o'er which a trembling quiver played,
If the dear face by chance were grave that nightly o'er it prayed,
But even as through parted clouds falls Luna's gentle beam,
He smiled beneath the kiss of love that broke his troubled dream,
Of memory's treasured tablets, this precious leaf most dear.

No impious hand its page can blot, for bright and ever clear
In golden letters purely writ, serenely, sweetly fair;
E'en Time's effacing hand must fail, for love has traced them
there.

"Oh kneel but where thy darling sleeps," like whispers from the
sod

Shall rise: "oh weep not for the blest—the early called of God."

A spirit murmur strangely sweet, for thee shall cleave the air;
And heard but by thy secret soul, though listening crowds were
there;

Weep not, for where bright waves of love roll on the golden shore,
He waits to bless thy longing sight, "not lost but gone before."







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